"A MAN OF MYSTERY," By Colonel Prentiss Ingraham, Begins NEXT WEEK

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXII, NO. 31. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1904. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE;

OR,

WHAT SHE OFFERED HIM . . . By Ellen Frizell Wyckoff.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

In the fall the road had been changed so that it ran around the foot of the hill to the factories down in the valley, and on toward the county town. This left the little church stranded high on the hill half a mile from the broad, traveled highway. But nobody cared so much for this, because the congregation had long since divided, and, as a result, two new churches had been built—one at the factories and the other in the village.

"I think everybody's glad about the new road but your folks, Reuben. It leaves you in pretty bad shape." Farmer Dennis stopped his team and looked over his shoulder at Reuben, who had turned his horse into the newly-cut driveway that led through the woods to his gate a quarter of a mile away.

"It's no wonder you kicked, after havin' the road right by your door. To be sure, they give you the old road to fence in, but it don't add much to the value of your farm, and I stick to it, Reuben, that you ought to sue for damages. It's powerful inconvenient."

"We'll get used to it," Reuben said with a short laugh. He was ashamed of the helpless anger that always came upon him when the new road and his consequent loss came up in conversation with his friends and neighbors.

"If you could buy this piece of woodland, now, and build out here close to the new road—I expect Rothwell asks a pretty penny for it, though." The two men looked toward the waving mass of green, the one longingly, the other speculatively.

"Jim Nickols is talking about buying it, his land joins it farther down. Wasn't he showing you some plans for his house, Dolly?" The old farmer turned his good-natured face toward the pink sunbonnet whose ruffled lay against his shoulder. Reuben went to fasten the buckle of his stirrup.

"Yes, sir," came tardily from the rosy depths of the sunbonnet.

"Well, I thought so. And he favored cutting down the trees and you wanted them left. Ha, ha! I guess they'll stand. Well, come over, Reuben. We'll get on."

The sunbonnet bobbed timidly, and the farmer drove on.

Reuben continued to look longingly at the woods on either side his narrow cart track. What a home he could make there! Not one of the live oaks or magnolias should be sacrificed. As he rode on he saw in his imagination the white cottage nestling among the trees and Dolly waiting for him in the doorway. He could never ask her to come to the old, weather-beaten house now that it had been set back into lonely isolation by the changing of the road. Neither could he buy the woodland. At least not now. He started when he thought of future possibility.

His mother stood in the doorway, her frail, slender form outlined sharply against the red firelight. It was early fall and the nights were chill, but the coolness of the old kitchen was repulsive to him. He was thinking of Jim Nickolls and Dolly bending together over house plans. Jim was making money.

Reuben sat moodily before the fire. His mother chatted pleasantly; old Rover made him welcome. But the man was overpowered by his own wretchedness. His mother stopped talking after a while. She missed being able to tell him of the passing of friends and neighbors along the road. This had been a great deal to her since she had come from town thirty years ago to live at the farm. The death of her husband, the moving of the church and the changing of the road had made her trinity of grief. She was a thin, worn-out little woman with whitening hair and a wrinkled face, but her eyes were bright and young and they rested upon Reuben with adoring love.

"It's the road, or Dolly, or maybe both, for they are coming close together with him now," she said to herself, as she put her knitting away. "Some of these days you won't be quite so poor, Ruby," she said, timidly, stroking his dark, curly hair. "I'm glad I thought of that life insurance; when mother's gone you'll have two thousand dollars." She slipped out of the room with the last word, and Reuben's thoughts flew swiftly to Dolly and the strip of woodland. "A thousand for the land and a thousand for the house," he said aloud. The sound of his own voice brought him to his sober senses. The door stood open and he thought he heard a sound outside. Rover pricked up his dull old ears, and dozed again. Reuben went to his mother's room. She was seated before the window, a shawl folded about her. Beyond her drooping figure he could see the fields and the hill with the old church on its shoulder, all peaceful and beautiful in the white moonlight.

"Don't ever say it again, mother," he whispered, taking the little woman in his strong young arms.

"I know, Ruby. Mother knows. It won't be very long. Pray God she may be patient or very loving, dear. We mustn't doubt or fear, Ruby, but believe in the best, in the coming of the greatly desired."

Somebody knocked on the kitchen door. Reuben went down. Jim Nickols, fresh from his grooming at the village barber shop, stood riding-whip in hand before the fire. The light caught at his shirt, and investigatingly.

"I stopped to see about that hauling. Can you do it tomorrow?" he asked, declining Reuben's offer of a chair with a wave of his hand.

"I will tell you tonight," Reuben answered.

"I wish you could. I shall be away from home tomorrow. It's the day for the picnic at Mount Bethel, and I'm going with the Dennis folks, you know." He waited for a reply, but Reuben was silent.

"I guess I'll see you, however. Mighty out of the way place you live in, Reuben. Guess you'll be moving out when you get your inheritance." He laughed coarsely.

Still Reuben was silent. But his face flushed and paled and the hand on the back of the tall old chair trembled.

"You must remember, though, that the creaking door never fails," Jim added.

"You must have stopped at Bradley's on your way from town," Reuben said at length. His smile was not a pleasant one and he spoke with slow deliberation.

"Not at all," Jim answered with a light, good-natured laugh. "I haven't been there since—well, not since I cut you out. Dolly wouldn't let me go to see her if I stopped at Bradley's. No, I am as sober as a judge. Why don't you buy the strip of woodland now and pay for it when—well, when you come into your inheritance?"

"You seem better informed concerning my affairs than I am. But I shall, with your permission, continue to manage my own business."

Reuben was ashamed of the hot blood that rushed to his face, ashamed of the

little break in his voice, ashamed that he could not look his tormentor straight in the face with guiltless eyes.

"Oh, certainly," Jim laughed, with provoking unconcern. Certainly. You haven't a chance, of course. Old folks hang on whether we want them or not. It's a way they have. Now, with two thousand dollars in a man might do a great deal." He laughed again and with a queer, knowing look, nodded and strode away, whistling gaily.

The odor of the cheap, strong perfume that Jim considered the acme of elegance lingered in the old kitchen. The night breeze sweeping through the doorway brought it to Reuben as he sat before the fire. He ground his teeth in helpless rage.

Two thousand dollars! What wealth it seemed to the man who dug his living from the poor hillside farm in the red clay region of Georgia. Two thousand dollars! But Dave had a plan. Nichols came to know!

Reuben passed an unsteady hand across his face. Was his wicked desire so stamped there so plainly that all who saw him might easily know?

He tried to shake the unworthy thought out of his mind. But tonight his brain throbbed with indescribable pain. The blood in his veins was like fire. His eyes burned and ached, and his thoughts wandered in forbidden ways.

In vain he tried to fix them on various themes. They returned to the one with the hope that grew and spread itself until there was nothing beside.

He trembled and covered his hot face with his hands. His fingers were like ice.

"Death! It means— Heaven! it means— and yet, and yet— And Jim's voice came persistently, tantalisingly, like a message to a sun-scorched desert traveler. "Two thousand dollars! The price of a woman's gown, of a jewel, of a trinket! But the picture that the man saw was a hut of a cottage set like a new, dainty nest in the green of the trees and on the highroad was a pretty, girlish figure in a pink cotton gown flitting about it. It was the home of his dream, the desire of his heart.

The tall clock in the corner struck nine. Dolly must be waiting Jim now in the bright parlor. He fancied her smiling and flushing and dimpling. He pressed his hand over his eyes to shut the vision away. Then for a time he walked to and fro, over the creaking floor of the old kitchen. He felt queer and unlike himself. Why was it that he could not get out into the world and work his way? There came to him the memory of his mother's words when he had said that to Ruby.

"Never mind, Ruby. Mother will make it up to you. Now you are all right, so she he had stayed.

And here was that he cared for, all that he wanted, was passing from him because he dared not ask for it. When Dolly Nichols no longer be wooed and won what would a million of dollars be worth?

Tired out at length he threw himself into the great arm-chair before the fire and slept. He dreamed that he had died. It was hoped, yellow and shining, in a coffin, and saw the light of the fire catch and play at it, and Dolly, laughing and happy, played with it as a child plays with the yellow sand on the sea shore, thrusting her arms into the glittering heap to her pink, dimpled elbows, while his mother's ghost stood empty in the corner!

He woke with a cry, shivering in the chill wind that came through the open door.

He got up stiffly and piled more wood on the dying fire. The sounds of the early spring night came to him. Somewhere near in the dark old Rover barked dismally.

Shivering with cold, Reuben called the Cur. Even in his mad mood like fire in his veins and his head throbbed. The dream had been terribly real. He went over the waking life real and the unreal and trying laboriously to separate them again.

The sound of Rover's barking came nearer. Presently he was at the door, howling dismally and scratching at the unsteady panels piendingly. But inside his master sat unheeding.

When the barking became sharp and persistent, Reuben called out: "Go away, there, Rover!"

But the dog, always obedient, seemed not to hear. He kept up his cry now, and his master went slowly across the room and opened the door.

From the darkness old Rover bounded into the kitchen, whining and crouching. He rubbed his head against Reuben's knee, sprang up on him, sniffed at the damp air and filling the house with his frantic yapping.

"Down, Rover, down!" But the dog tore at his clothes madly.

"He is mad!" Reuben said aloud, and reaching for the carving knife that lay on a table near him, he went the sharp-edged blade with one thrust into Rover's heart.

The dog fell to the hearthstone, uttering piteously the eating helpless, pleading eyes to his master's face.

Reuben stood looking down stupidly at the quivering mass. He knew that his mother would be sorry. And Ruby, the child protector and her companion. There had been something human in the old dog's love. Reuben knew that his mother would call Rover's death to her three great sorrows. And it was his hand that had dealt the blow! What should he say to her? How could he ever explain?

The thought that had been on his heart earlier in the evening, the dream that had grown dim of it and the murder of his mother's faithful friend mingled together in his throbbing brain, and the death of the dog seemed to expand.

The scent of singeing hair came to him from the hot hearthstone. It suggested a way to save his mother this new trouble. At least she need not know that he had killed Rover. He was guilty of more than that, he told himself remorsefully, but she need not know, she need not be doubly hurt by connecting him with the loss of her pet.

Stooping, he lifted the body of the dog and laid it among the flames that leaped up the wide chimney. Then he piled on more wood, painstakingly hiding the dark object from his own sight.

Then he stood back, childishly glad that no stain of blood marred the whiteness of the newly-scoured floor, and all forgetful of the bloody knife that he had thrown upon the table.

He bent regretfully over the dark pools that had been his tears and kissed them. Perhaps by the time his mother came down in the morning they might be dried up.

He sat down to wait. A fever had taken hold of him. Strange, unnatural, terrible visions and dreams came to him. But he did not sleep. And the first yellow sunshine reminded him of the gold he had seen in his dream.

But Dolly nodded her pretty good-morning and smiled and flushed as she always did when she spoke to him.

"I want to see your mother, please, Reuben Dale. Hetty said she is over at Farrow her picnic basket. Ours is not large enough for so many are going. I wish you were," she added the last with a pretty shyness.

But Reuben's eyes caught the gleam of a new ring on her finger. She was turning it nervously at the string of her sunbonnet.

"Dolly!" he said. And the maiden said confusedly. He got up stiffly. The fire had burned down to a bank of ashy coals. There was a singular odor in the room. "I never believe she has been down," he added.

"She'll be down directly, I think. Are you quite well, Reuben?" There was a pretty tenderness in the voice that moved him.

"It's nothing," he said roughly.

She drew back, half frightened by his new manner. He had always been so polite, so glad to see her. Now his eyes had a fierce light in them and his pale face was drawn and haggard.

As step in the doorway drew the eyes of both, Jim, all shaven and shorn and clad in his well-fitting new spring suit, stood in the door.

"Why, Dolly, good-morning," he laughed, pleased at the picture he saw on the threshold and his rival. "What's the matter, Reuben? You look rather used up. Chills?"

Reuben glowered at him.

"I think I'll go and find your mother, Dolly," Jim said, turning. "Reuben looks sick

hesitation. There was no holding out against the desperate mob. The old door gave way under the onslaught of the strong men. The noise re-echoed through the old church.

Inside, the men stood in silence. The dragging of a rope across the unsteady benches, the breathing of the desperate men, were plainly heard like loud noises.

Reuben felt a new weight about his throat and the touch of nervous hands.

And then from those farther in came a loud cry:

"Stop, in the name of God, men—stop!"

"Hurry! It's the officers!" hissed the man who was knotting the rope.

"No. Stop, there, or I'll brain you! Don't you see?"

Some one held up a hastily-lighted torch. The mob fell back from him, and Reuben saw the high old pulpit and bare windows, and the men falling back like the shadows that hurried from the light.

And he saw Jim Nickols, white and wild-eyed, coming toward him with a drooping figure in his arms.

It was a woman's form, and the face, the white face on Jim's shoulder—

"Mother, mother!" Reuben cried, as he took a step forward and fell with the rope fastened about his neck.

The men looked wildly about them.

"He wasn't guilty; she was here in the old church! Christ Jim, you shouldn't, the leader of the mob called.

CHAPTER IV.

Snowflakes were drifting softly against the little windows of the old farmhouse when Reuben, for the first time, was able to leave his room and stand beside his mother's bed.

"Why, Ruby, dear, how glad I am to see you! I thought at first that it was your father.

"How good they all were to help you find me that awful night last spring! They were all there, weren't they?"

"I—I think so."

"Yes. Now sit here and let's talk it all over. I'm so glad you are getting well. You missed mother, didn't you?"

Big tears rolled down his white cheeks. A sob made him dumb, as he slipped his arms about the frail form.

"Mother knew you did. We've always been such a comfort to each other, Ruby. I've missed you terribly, hard-hearted boy. But we have no many kind friends, haven't we? I ought not to have done it, but I was always afraid you'd get into trouble up there to the old church. The altar there seems to be the center of trouble. And I knew you were troubled about Dolly and the night you slipped away. You were asleep in the kitchen and I stopped to kiss you.

"Reuben went along with me. He always does, you know. I creep in at a window, now that the door is locked. Somehow this time it fell on my arm and held me fast. I'm afraid I shall never use it very well again, but I shan't mind.

"I think I fainted. When I knew anything however Reuben was here. But after a while he went away and I was alone. The pain was awful. But we won't mind now. I felt too faint and weak to scream. Besides, the road is too far off now for anybody to hear.

"I knew you'd be looking for me. It was Jim who found me in the great deep, But when they raised the window I just fainted again.

"Thank them all for me, Ruby, for I'm not likely to ever get out to see the good friends and neighbors. Kiss me, boy. It's so good to see your bonny face again."

He laid his head on her frail breast, close in his young arms and she felt the beating of his heart.

"Mother, I'd rather have you than everything else in the world," he said brokenly. "Why, mother, I love you. But there's some one—no, I mustn't tell. They say you are going down to see her. I'll tell you when I down now, Ruby!"

The pale, white-capped nurse was crying softly when he passed her.

Reuben crept slowly down to the old kitchen. It was bright and warm and Dolly, sweet and bright as a summer rose, was there.

She met him, all her pretty, timid blushing gone, and her voice, sending, but her eyes were grave. She looked very sweet and womanly as she met him and took his thin hands in her own strong ones.

"Ruby, dear, I—I must speak very plainly to you, because I—because I want to. I'm hoped you would understand—and say what I wanted you to. I'm sure you didn't, at least not till you were so ill. Didn't you always know, Ruby, that I just want you?"

"Me? Do you mean, Dolly?"

"I've been sure all along. I—I want to live here in the old house. Do you care to have me?"

"Are you sorry for me? Is it sacrifice, Dolly, or love?"

"It's just what it has always been." She rolled a ring of new gold between her fingers, looking down shyly.

"You've heard—that they were going to do to me? You know how my friends and neighbors feel toward me?" he asked slowly.

"Yes, dear, I understand. Some day you will. But you'll need me, Ruby, you surely will. It hadn't happened I should have waited for you to ask me to be your wife. But you wouldn't now."

"No, I wouldn't ask me now. I didn't dare to then." He looked at her with his tired, hungry eyes.

"You are not going to refuse me, though, when I offer myself to you, Ruby, and—you are going to need me."

She held out her hands and he took them.

"You won't be sorry?"

"Not if you will let me stay."

"I ought not, but, Dolly, I must keep you. I can't let you go."

"Then it's all right." Dolly laughed contentedly.

The End.

They Knew Better.

She—Does your employer ever tell his clerk funny stories?

He—No, but we don't dare undeceive him.

MY ONLY LOVE.

My only love is always near—
In country or in town
I see her twinkling feet, I hear
The whisper of her gown.

She frolics it ever fair and young.
Her locks are tied in knots,
And one is o'er her shoulder flung,
And hangs below her waist.

She ran before me in the meads;
And down this world-worn track
She leads me on, but, while she leads,
She never eases back.

And yet her voice is in my dreams,
To witch me with its spell
That wooing voice! Ah, me, it seems
Less near me than of yore.

Lightly I sped when hope was high,
And youth beguiled the chase—
I follow, failure still; but I
Shall never see her face!

A SPRAY OF HELIOTROPE.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

I went to live with Aunt Edmonton when poor papa died. That was half a dozen years ago, for my trouble seems as fresh today, my loss as irreparable as on that terrible morning when I left him lying in his lonely grave under the old willows.

Poor papa! how dear he was to each other! He had no one in the wide world but me. Mamma died when I was but a wee baby, not quite two summers old—died away off in southern France, and sleeps somewhere there under the shade of the purple vine hills.

I have seen many fair women, but never a face half as lovely as hers. Her portrait used to hang in the old gallery on Edmonton Hill, before now. Aunt Edmonton had something to do with its disappearance, for she never liked my mother.

The Edmontons are an old, proud race, you see, with a pedigree running back to the days of the cavaliers, and an ancient coat of arms on all silver, and the most the bluest of "blue blood" in their aristocratic veins. At least Aunt Edmonton says so.

Papa always laughed at her high fancies, but I think his boyish soul was wrapped to another, no matter whether its owner wore royal purple or hidden gray; and when he met my mother—and loved her, he did not hesitate about making her his wife, though she was the poorest girl in the village of the people.

Aunt Edmonton was terrible angered, and when the pretty bride came home to Edmonton Hall, she met her with scowling brows and a chill, solemn shadow of time-famed ruins, by the margins of storied rivers. I suppose it was the great deep, and reared amid the classic wealth of foreign lands.

But as time crept by, papa's health grew feeble, and we came home to Edmonton Hall; and there he died.

I left the dear, old southern home and his grave under the willows reluctantly, to go to live with Aunt Edmonton.

Ah! I pity her. Edmonton was a proud woman. She was more—a worldly one. Wealth was her Motoch, and she held no heart for anything that hadn't grown up as an offering to his fiery embrace.

I was a child, remember, as she herself, and, despite the disgrace of my pretty mamma's plebeian blood, I could be put to household drudgery. Hence I was installed as a sort of companion, to read Balzac and George Sand to her, and warm and Marguerite sipped their noon chocolate, and to help the housekeeper count the family jewels well burnished. Not a laborious task, and it brought me a home, a plain bed and bread and butter we must have in this commonplace world, even though our hearts break for want of love.

Aunt Edmonton did not like the old hall. Its memories were too sad, and the house was better suited for bats and owls than human beings, so she closed up, and we lived in first one gay city and then another, and finally crossed the sea and went to Paris.

Dear me, how my aunt and Marguerite did enjoy Paris! Marguerite and I pined and longed for home! It is a marvel how differently constituted people are, with both, one would think, the same blood.

"Belle," said my aunt, one autumn night, when I presented myself for evening prayers, "famous ball, "will you have the kindness to get to the greenhouse and pick a bouquet for Marguerite's hair? She wears natural flowers to-night, and I can't trust to Felice. Look at her dress, please, and select what you think will suit—your taste is perfect."

Marguerite looked up, smiled and shook down her black tresses as I was leaving the chamber.

"Belle, don't fail to cut some heliotrope, please. Captain Carruthers is here, and he likes an heliotrope. By the by, you remember Carruthers, don't you?

My head ached with a sudden thump, and the telltale blood rushed to my cheeks. Here was Marguerite's friend. Papa's best friend—the friend who stood by his dying pillow and closed his sightless eyes.

I remember his parting words, too, when he left me standing beside the new-made grave under the old willows.

"No words of mine can give you any comfort now, Belle; but time heals the sorest wounds. I regret to leave you, but my regiment goes abroad tomorrow. Good-by. One day, please Heaven, I hope to meet you again."

But in all the dreary following years, I have heard no word from him.

"You remember him, of course," continued my handsome cousin; "he used to be at the ball a great deal in your father's time. Well, we met him last night at the reception. He's been here a week; and he's a millionaire, Belle. You know old Carruthers, of Carruthers Place? He's dead, and the captain inherits the fortune, you see. So don't forget the heliotrope. I know it isn't becoming—few of all colors, suits my creole complexion best—but I remember what a fancy Carruthers always had for heliotrope, and he's pleasing, you know."

Aunt Edmonton laughed as she arose and shook out her flounces.

"Where the heliotrope, by all means, Rite; but you need not feel a bit anxious. You secured the captain and his fortune last night, you rose silk and diamonds did the work. I never saw a man more infatuated. Well, he's a good match. I've not a word to say against it; no better family in Virginia than that he comes of; and Carruthers Place is a grand old home. Ah! there's his carriage below now; I'll go down until you are ready. Do make haste, Belle. And I wish you'd be oblizing enough to do Rite's hair this evening; you are so much more skilful than Felice. And look over the jewels, please; I think that pearl and opal set will match her dress."

I hurried down to the greenhouse. Heartache was no new sensation, but somehow my pain seemed intolerable as I made my way down the dim aisle, the gorgeous tropic blooms stilling me with their rank odors.

Gilfoyl Belle's flowers forgot her waiting toilet, forgot everything but my own sad feeling. An aloe tree, in full blossom, stood in the aisle—some weird necromancer, raught my eye, and I sank down at its roots and burst into tears.

I seemed to see papa's grave, covered with yellow autumn leaves. I heard the wash of the waves, the murmur of the pine trees. The bustle of the gaslit streets drove me to frenzy.

"This life is killing me; I must go home to the old hall—to papa's grave."

A hand touched my arm as the words broke from my lips.

"I beg your pardon, madam; you seem in distress. Can I help—— Good Heaven! Belle, is it you?"

"Captain Carruthers!"

I leaped to my feet, and we stood face to face. He was bronzed and bearded, but the frank, kind eyes were unchanged. A wild impulse seized upon me to clasp his hands and tell him how lonely and friendless I was, but I remembered for once and even than woman's love, stifled the desire at its very birth. I bowed coldly.

"Why, Belle, you haven't changed; only you look worn and sad. I am so glad to meet you. I have written again and again, until I fancied you were dead. How is it that I find you here in Paris?"

"No matter; I bid you good-evening, Captain Carruthers."

The glad, kind, handsome eyes widened with wonder as I darted away.

"Dear me, Belle, I thought you'd never come! I didn't like to keep Carruthers waiting. Gracious goodness! where are the flowers?"

"I don't get them, and I can't dress you, Marguerite! I am going to my room."

"Why, what's the matter? Are you ill?"

I did not pause to answer. At noon on the following day, my aunt summoned me to her presence.

"You needn't read today, Belle; I want to talk to you. You met Captain Carruthers in the greenhouse last night?"

"Yes, by accident."

Aunt Edmonton toyed with the tassels of her morning robe, and for the first time, to my knowledge, showed signs of embarrassment.

"By accident, of course! I didn't suppose you mistook my meaning, my dear. He's a fine, handsome fellow, and he could lift a well matched, don't you think so? Well, my dear, his coming changes our program a little, somewhat. We may remain here for the winter; and your health seems to be failing, and you don't like Paris, Belle, and I thought——"

"I understand you would send me home, Aunt Edmonton? Pray do. I meant to ask permission to go this very day—I am dreadfully homesick."

She laughed genially, and, crossing the room, kissed me with more kindness than she had ever shown me.

"When you shall have permission, my dear. Mrs. Montague, an old friend of mine, leaves Paris tonight, and you shall go under her charge."

I went, leaving giddy Paris behind me with a feeling of relief.

But when I reached the old home, how desolate it was! Winter came, and the white snow filled the hollows and crowned the southern hills. Letters from Aunt Edmonton informed me that they were in Rome, with Captain Carruthers as escort, and that he was a great favorite with the spring came. Did I care? What was Captain Carruthers to me? My father's friend, and I must always regard him with gratitude; and Marguerite would make him a noble wife. I wished them both, I wished them much joy.

Yet through all the lonesome winter days and nights my heartache never ceased or abated.

Spring came, and the skies grew soft and tender. The snows melted, leaving the hills and valleys green, and the woods starred with violets.

One March morning I went out to rake the flower beds. The hyacinths and buttercups were above the ground in gold, and here and there a green tulip leaf could be seen. The winds blew warm from the far south. The sunshine glimmered like gold, and in one of the willows over papa's grave a bluebird sang.

I threw aside my rake and sat down to think in hopeless sorrow, but in newborn faith.

A step crunched the gravel of the walk, a tall shadow darkened the glimmering sunshine. I started to my feet.

"Captain Carruthers!"

"Good-morning, Miss Edmonton."

"Has my aunt come?"

"No, but not for choice."

"And you—why are you here?"

The handsome smiled down at me full of sad reproach.

"You say good-by at once, Belle, if my company isn't wanted. My regiment is off again, but I couldn't go without having one look at your face."

All the blood in my heart seemed to burn in my cheeks.

"Captain Carruthers!"

"Well, Belle?"

"Miss Edmonton, if you please."

"Very well, Miss Edmonton, then, if you like it better. We were friends once; why should we not be now?"

"Oh, we are friends; we shall be something nearer soon, when you marry my cousin Marguerite."

"I shall never marry your cousin Marguerite."

"What! she has not refused you?"

"I have never asked her—have never wanted her, Belle. Oh, my darling, your eyes tell me something that thrills my heart with hope. Belle; I never forgot you. I wrote dozens of letters, but not one ever reached you. I only guessed at the truth a few weeks ago, and I am here. Belle, I loved you years ago—I love you now—I

(Continued on page fifteen.)

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

When a BOY needs Money

Any boy can earn money in spare time, selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

No money required to begin. We pay all expenses. To any boy who will try the plan, we will send 10 copies of the magazine, to be sold at 5 cents each. After that, all that is required at wholesale prices. You can start this week. Write to-day for the magazine, and get to work. We also send free, a booklet, "Boys Who Make Money," written by some of our most successful boys. It tells you how to get the best results.

$250 IN CASH as extra prizes for those who do good work next month.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
3574 Arch Street, Philadelphia

LOVE'S GUILTY DREAM;
OR
THE IDOL OF THE REGIMENT . . .

By ADRIENNE KOUCOLLE.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 29, July 16. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.

INSANE BY GRIEF.

Just as the strains of a waltz were wafted on the heavily-scented air of the ballroom, heartrending cries broke upon the melodious sounds and spread terror over the face which an instant before were radiant with smiles. Irene and Marguerite, who were standing by the door, were the first to step into the hall, and the sight which greeted their eyes never left their memory.

At the top of the stairs stood the Marquis du Terrail, but not the same man who had left them a few minutes before. His clothing was in disorder, his eyes wild and glaring, the collar of his shirt was gone, but more terrible still was the sight that he brandished a revolver above his head. Then, rushing wildly down the stairs, he cried, his voice sounding like the howl of rage of a wild beast at bay:

"A horse, a horse! Saddle a horse at once!" and with unconscious hands he almost choked the servant, who was too surprised to move. "Did you hear what I said? Make haste, for in five minutes the horse must be ready, or I will spring a ball into them all!"

The great hall was filled with the frightened guests, but none dared come near the man they thought insane. Irene was the first to recover from her fright, and walking resolutely to Pierre du Terrail, she laid her hand on his arm and asked:

"What is the matter, Monsieur du Terrail? Has anything happened to Monsieur de Meslem?"

He looked at her. His glaring eyes fixed hers, but no light of recognition came to them. A hideous pallor had suddenly covered lips, and in hissing tones he replied:

"Yes, Marie is ill, very ill indeed, for now morning she will be dead, and he, too, the coward, the traitor! Ah, Lucien de Lorgnac, you will soon know what a husband's vengeance can be. You—he bared and cast on the white faces about him a look of tragic horror.

Unconsciously he tore the flesh from his throat, hoping to relieve himself of the choking sensation which oppressed him. Gradually his frenzy seemed to leave him and was replaced by an unexpected stupor.

He sank on a chair and, concealing his face in his hands, began to sob like a child. His guests crowded around him, full of eager questions, but he only sobbed on in silence. Some one, guessing the secret of this sudden despair, drew aside and tried to disarm him, but with a shriek du Terrail leaped to his feet and brandished the weapon once more, cried:

"The horse—where is the horse? Are they all conspiring against me? Do they wish me to be too late?" and he made for the door.

But Irene barred the way. She did not understand the shameful confession of this husband's rage; all she knew was that something unusual had happened to Marie and she was determined that the unfortunate should not go before he had explained himself.

"Before you leave you must tell us what has happened. Is Marie ill? If so, let me go to her at once!"

Pierre looked at her from bloodshot eyes, then a long shiver took him, and more breathlessly he cried:

"My God! what have I said? Yes, yes, Marie is ill. I must go for a doctor; but don't go up to her room, for you might disturb her. Don't go there, I implore you. I have not said anything about him, have I? I have not told you the name of—of—"

He wrung his hands as his choking voice pronounced these words, his delirium was convulsed by the spasms of pain. At that moment the servant girl entered saying that the horse was ready. Then du Terrail seemed all control over himself. A bowl of raspberries from his lips, and in a voice which passed those of his friends who sought to hold him back, crying as he pushed them aside:

"Clear the way, or by the God who hears me I will shoot you dead! Away, or do not stand between me and my vengeance!"

Then he rushed out and did pass over, blinded by fury, was not to be disregarded; the way was cleared at once, and Pierre leaped, rather than ran, into the street below, and, springing into saddle, he sent the rearing horse at a mad gallop down the avenue, almost knocking down the groom who held the bridle.

And on the carpet of the hall lay the letter which was to tell his guests the reason of his sudden flight.

Marguerite had witnessed this scene like one in a dream, but the name of Lucien de Lorgnac caused a sudden thought to traverse her brain—Marie had run away with Lucien, with the man who had made love to her—Marguerite—that he might better dupe the trusting husband. She swayed under the agony of the thought.

At that moment she caught sight of the crushed paper at her feet. Mechanically she picked it up and opened it. It was a letter from Marie du Terrail to her husband, and Marguerite's eyes read the words that, in one brief instant, were to destroy her bright dreams of love and bliss. It ran thus:

"Monsieur: Today I leave your home forever. For three years I have supported the daily torture of life with you whom I hate and whom I married because I was too weak to resist my father's wishes. Your love you were powerless to awaken in my heart another man has won, and with him I depart, preferring the bliss of love's guilty dream to the misery of suffering innocence.

"I do not ask for pardon, since I do not consider myself to blame. When you read this you will, of course, try to follow us, that your outraged honor may be avenged. Let me tell you that all your efforts will be useless, since for many months we have planned our flight, and every detail has been so arranged that the very best detectives could not discover our retreat. I so little fear you that I am willing to let you know the name of your rival—Lucien de Lorgnac."

That was all, no signature, no date, but for the woman who read the lines it was anguish. A dizzy mist swept before her eyes, a rolling sound came to her ears, she extended her hands to catch something to support her failing strength, and with a sigh Marguerite de La Motte dropped fainting to the floor.

This swoon brought another commotion; some ran to the young girl, others picked up the letter, but no one knew of such trouble that night. Soon the story of the Marquise de La Motte's illness was on every lip. Irene, who had been the first to reach Marguerite's side, declared that only a few young girl must be taken to her room at once that when she returned to consciousness she might not find herself surrounded by so many eyes view her agony. Calling those servants who were nearest to her, with Marguerite de La Motte dropped fainting to the floor.

This swoon brought another commotion; some ran to the young girl, others picked up the letter, but no one knew of such trouble that night. Soon the story of the Marquise de La Motte's illness was on every lip. Irene, who had been the first to reach Marguerite's side, declared that only a few young girl must be taken to her room at once that when she returned to consciousness she might not find herself surrounded by so many eyes view her agony. Calling those servants who were nearest to her, with Marguerite de La Motte dropped fainting to the floor.

Mlle. Marie in the house of her father-in-law morning she will be dead, and he, too, the coward, the traitor! Ah, Lucien de Lorgnac, you will soon know what a husband's vengeance can be. You—he bared and cast on the white faces about him a look of tragic horror.

Unconsciously he tore the flesh from his throat, hoping to relieve himself of the choking sensation which oppressed him. Gradually his frenzy seemed to leave him and was replaced by an unexpected stupor.

He sank on a chair and, concealing his face in his hands, began to sob like a child. His guests crowded around him, full of eager questions, but he only sobbed on in silence. Some one, guessing the secret of this sudden despair, drew aside and tried to disarm him, but with a shriek du Terrail leaped to his feet and brandished the weapon once more, cried:

"The horse—where is the horse? Are they all conspiring against me? Do they wish me to be too late?" and he made for the door.

But Irene barred the way. She did not understand the shameful confession of this husband's rage; all she knew was that something unusual had happened to Marie and she was determined that the unfortunate should not go before he had explained himself.

"Before you leave you must tell us what has happened. Is Marie ill? If so, let me go to her at once!"

Pierre looked at her from bloodshot eyes, then a long shiver took him, and more breathlessly he cried:

"My God! what have I said? Yes, yes, Marie is ill. I must go for a doctor; but don't go up to her room, for you might disturb her. Don't go there, I implore you. I have not said anything about him, have I? I have not told you the name of—of—"

He wrung his hands as his choking voice pronounced these words, his delirium was convulsed by the spasms of pain. At that moment the servant girl entered saying that the horse was ready. Then du Terrail was all control over himself. A bowl of raspberries from his lips, and in a voice which passed those of his friends who sought to hold him back, crying as he pushed them aside:

"Clear the way, or by the God who hears me I will shoot you dead! Away, or do not stand between me and my vengeance!"

Then he did rush out and did pass over, blinded by fury, was not to be disregarded; the way was cleared at once, and Pierre leaped, rather than ran, into the street below, and, springing into saddle, he sent the rearing horse at a mad gallop down the avenue, almost knocking down the groom who held the bridle.

And on the carpet of the hall lay the letter which was to tell his guests the reason of his sudden flight.

Marguerite had witnessed this scene like one in a dream, but the name of Lucien de Lorgnac caused a sudden thought to traverse her brain—Marie had run away with Lucien, with the man who had made love to her—Marguerite—that he might better dupe the trusting husband. She swayed under the agony of the thought.

At that moment she caught sight of the crushed paper at her feet. Mechanically she picked it up and opened it. It was a letter from Marie du Terrail to her husband, and Marguerite's eyes read the words that, in one brief instant, were to destroy her

flight, the sight of Pierre's despair and his sudden departure, had brought a new agony to her heart at the same time that it had given her a new hope—very vague it is true—but a hope just the same. And she thought that during her ride home she might arrange the disorder of her thoughts, but Irene's demand disappointed her plans.

She had been unable to refuse, and during the ten-mile drive she conversed with her guests as though no tumult raged in her heart. It was only when she was alone that night that she was able to cry out in the noble self-sacrifice of her love.

"Oh, Pierre, how willingly would I sacrifice my life if by doing so I could blot out the misery that tonight's shame must have brought to your pride as a gentleman and to your love as a husband!"

Two days later news was received that George de Mesa had been unable to support the shame of his daughter's flight, and had taken to his bed. His illness had no given name, yet a week after it ended fatally. Marguerite, however, was not surprised, for his pride had been the mainstay of his life, and this pride being mortally wounded he had succumbed to the blow.

CHAPTER X.

THE COLONEL'S SISTER.

A week had passed since the du Terrail scandal had startled the gossipy society had ceased to speak of it. Only the few whose lives this event had touched still remembered it, but the friendship between Irene and Marguerite had been strengthened, and though Irene had declined the winter season in Paris, she had promised Marguerite to spend a month with her during the holidays. Until then they corresponded regularly and Marguerite found in Irene's letters the greatest comfort in her agony and disappointment of her wounded pride.

With these exceptions, Marie's flight had become a thing of the past. A social star had waned, but there were many others to take its place, and the world moved on as of old, with her beauty, her triumphs, the brilliant Irene Arnaud, whose every glance was a conquest, and something unworthy of even a passing regret.

Irene Arnaud was returning from a walk through the streets of Rheims where her regiment had been quartered during the early winter, and the expression of her face was sad and grave, for she had received a letter from Marguerite, and the thought of her friend's misery always cast a shadow over her happiness. She was so absorbed in her meditations that she did not notice a passing regret.

Irene Arnaud was returning from a walk through the streets of Rheims where her regiment had been quartered during the early winter, and the expression of her face was sad and grave, for she had received a letter from Marguerite, and the thought of her friend's misery always cast a shadow over her happiness. She was so absorbed in her meditations that she did not notice a passing regret.

"I understand what you must suffer, but for the sake of your future you must control yourself. You must not pray for love, for it known that you had been a dupe you might be the laughing stock of the whole police. The scorn you now feel for the one you loved will soon change to pity, and in a few months this folly of yours will be, if not forgotten, at least no longer painful. But until then you must be strong, must feign indifference, and let no one guess the secret sorrow of your heart, for then you will not depend that I shall keep your secret."

Irene's eyes were filled with tears and it was with more calmness that she said:

"I know that you are right, and I will do my very best to control myself, and I would be to spend the night in this house. I must go home, for God only knows what hour within these walls."

"As to that, neither can I," answered Irene. "In a certain measure I, too, have been fooled, and the friend I trusted has proved false to that trust. It is true we can find many excuses for Marie's conduct—she was young, was nature, but a love for her husband; but to me this marriage vow is one that should never be broken, and though I pity her, I cannot forgive her. I will see if we cannot get Lady Hilton to give us a room in her carriage and a shelter in her home for tonight."

An hour later Irene and Marguerite had taken their places with Lady Hilton in her carriage, and at the rapid trot of the thoroughbreds they were leaving the Chatte du Terrail and hastening toward the new country residence recently purchased by Lady Hilton.

If Marguerite was forcing her agony to calm, Judith was likewise under the restraint of her will power. The scene she had just witnessed, the news of Marie's

proud that I grew at least an inch taller every time we went out together. But now all this is going to be changed, for this old what's-his-name will surely put on airs with me."

"Hush, dear," remonstrated her brother. "You must never pronounce judgment against any one without knowing him. I saw Colonel Deo this morning, and he does not justify in any way the opinion you have passed upon him. In the first place, he is anything but proud; in the second, he is as much disposed to spoil you as Colonel Martin ever was since hearing that you are engaged to Lepage, he has put off his reception until next Wednesday that Armand may have returned from his leave of absence."

"Oh, then he's a darling! And Raoul, we will go, will we not?"

"Why—to see the Colonel or to be with Armand?"

"To see Armand first and the Colonel afterward."

"Bravo!" laughed her brother, as he drew her on a low bench beside him. "That's telling the truth for fair."

She looked at him with wondering surprise, then said:

"What is there so astonishing in my preferring to see Armand, whom I love, rather than the Colonel, whom I don't even know?"

"Oh, I find nothing startling in the sentiment, but in your admitting it. Very few girls are thus frank about their affection. Do I not write Lucie every day?"

"Certainly, and when did you saw it was to be?"

"Next Wednesday evening, as Lepage will only get back on Tuesday night."

"Oh, how nice! Everything is for the best, since my new dress will be ready by that time."

Raoul looked up surprised, for this was the first time Irene had ever thought of her toilets, but he recalled the fact that her hair was of golden hue, and he had a regretful sigh as he thought:

"It is love that has brought about this change."

The night of the reception Irene took more pains with her dress than she had only seen Armand a moment in the morning and had planned for the evening a long tete-a-tete with him.

When, at the appointed hour, she made her appearance in the salon, where the heightening color of her cheeks, the brilliancy of her eyes, the grace of her figure, together with the harmonious combination of her sulphur-colored gown and her dark hair, made her a vision of beauty. They had met Armand in the hall, and it was by his advice and desire that she wore the new Colonel for the first time.

When, at last, Armand, whose snowy hair and mustache were in striking contrast with the bright youthful lines of his face. His kindly blue eyes, full of keenness of his smile made even a passing acquaintance feel that they were friends. He came toward them with extended hand.

"Welcome, Captain, I am so glad to see that you have come with the daughter of my regiment, who must become my child also. Mademoiselle Irene, I suppose?"

Irene had risen to receive her brother had time to reply. "I am the daughter of the regiment, and I am real glad that you have come to take my place, for ever since military law demands that after years of service the colonel servants be released from its ranks."

"Indeed, Mademoiselle," corrected the Colonel; "only given a rest after a well spent life."

Colonel Martin did not want to leave—it almost broke his heart. He was strong and well, but he commanded the troops for at least ten years longer."

The Colonel smiled. "That may be true, but a move has been made for my majority. Colonel Martin was young for his age, and Colonel Deo was old, and it was thought possible of remaining at his post for several years longer, but there is no exception, and a rule can't be made to fit these occasions. But I see my sister is dying to meet you. Let me present you to her."

He offered his arm. Taking it, Irene said: "I am glad to see you, but I regret to say I shall like her."

"Ah, she is better—much nicer than I, but I will leave you to judge for yourself."

As they were moving away she said:

"Then you were Armand's friend, and I long to meet her, too?"

The Colonel turned to the young men with a smile as he bade them follow him. A few minutes later they were bowing before a lady in widow's weeds, whose thin, whose grave face and open brow spoke of intelligence and kindness, and Irene rose to meet them.

"Mademoiselle Irene, my sister Jenny Deo; Jenny, Mademoiselle D'Obau, the daughter of the regiment."

The astonished Irene's hand in hers Jenny Deo said with a smile which at once removed the gravity from her face.

"You are scarcely a stranger, Mademoiselle, for since our arrival your name has been on every tongue."

"If your informants were not soldiers I would say that they were trying to flatter you," for in polished circles the stories that are repeated are either untruths or not to the credit of those whose names are told."

Jenny Deo laughed at this unusual remark, and she was about to say something in reply when Irene continued:

"But here I am talking to all your attention when those two poor boys are waiting to be introduced—Captain Armand, my brother, Captain D'Obau."

Jenny looked at the young man for the first time, and smiling in that particular way of hers in which the eyes more than the lips seemed to beam, she extended her hand, saying:

"Now are you, Captain, a stranger, since if the charming manner of a young girl is remarked, the deeds of courage of a brave man are not forgotten, and quite a number have been coupled with your name."

Raoul finished under this delicate compliment and had she been like other women he would have returned it by addressing

some praise to her beauty. But the soulful brown eyes that looked at him forbade the words, and he said simply:

"What you please to call my courage, Mademoiselle Deo, is nothing to compare with the sacrifice of a life to duty."

It was a well-known story that the brilliant and handsome Jenny Deo had refused many offers of marriage that she might devote her life to the education of her brother's twin daughters, left motherless shortly after their birth. A beam of pleasure lighted her eyes, but she did not answer, and turned to greet Armand, whom her brother was introducing to her.

For a few minutes the conversation became general, then the Colonel offered to take Irene on a tour of the parlors, and Armand was not long in following, thus leaving Jenny alone with the Colonel's sister.

"What a charm has Mademoiselle Irene's unaffected manner, and how true and generous must be her nature!" she said, after a few moments' silence. "I have been told that you have been her guardian since her earliest childhood."

"I have," she replied, and a tender light crept over his face. "She was the charge left me by dying friends. But with such an elevated soul as hers, a man would need have been a monster if he had failed to bring forth as much goodness a model woman, and in my opinion, in spite of the irregularity of her demeanor, Irene is a model woman, for her heart knows none of the feminine weaknesses of her sex; her thoughts are elevated and noble."

"You are right, for though I have seen her only a few times, I have judged her character to be such as any mother might desire for her daughter. You edified me to tell me how you succeeded in saving her from the fault so common to society women —hypocrisy."

"It is too long a story for me to relate now, but some day I can call some evening next week and tell how, when a lad of twenty, I became mother and brother to the child that death had left with no other support mine."

"Oh, I shall be delighted, for"—and a fond smile came to her lips—"I still have to complete that education for my brother's daughters, and I feel certain that so far I have taken a system entirely different to yours. I would like to compare the two, that afterward I may choose the one that gives the most promise. Could you not come a week from tomorrow? The Colonel will be at home, and we rarely have visitors on that day."

"I will come."

"And you will bring your sister with you, because in private I can better learn to know and understand her."

This ended the conversation, for the Colonel returned, but he was alone. In answer to an inquiring look from Raoul, he said with a smile:

"I left her with the Lieutenant, as she asked me to, saying that Raoul didn't care. And I presume from what you have told me I would have done the same, for there is no resisting the pleading of her eyes."

CHAPTER XI.

IRENE'S EDUCATION.

As they returned home after the Colonel's reception Irene was strangely silent for her usual talkative self. When Raoul questioned her as to the cause of her silence she replied with a laugh:

"I was thinking, which is something unusual for me, and as I can't do two things at once, I am using my poor tongue to rest."

"And pray, what is the important matter that has thus changed you?"

For a few minutes she did not answer, then placed her head on his arm, asked anxiously:

"Would you like me better, Raoul, if I were more like the Colonel's sister?"

"Why, my little child! Do you not know that I love you to such a point that it would be impossible for me to love you any more?"

"Yes, I know; but it was not love that I meant—it was if you would prefer my actions to resemble those of Mademoiselle Deo. I have found in her something which is missing in all the women of our rank, something that I would like to copy. She is truthful and frank, and without knowing her I feel that it is natural with her and not an art to conceal her real sentiments. In fact, by her mere presence, without a word of advice, she has shown me what fine manners with her lectures could not make me understand—that there is something noble and childish, too out of the ordinary, in my manner.

"Her beauty does not vex its surprise, for these were the first grave words that had passed her smiling lips. And in the depth of his heart Raoul thanked the industry that Jenny Deo had unconsciously gained over his thoughtless pupil. For in spite of the charm Irene's boyish manner had for him, he understood that the grave older lady whose presence her less, and might in time cause unkind things to be said against her.

Besides, its experience made him a quick judge of character, and in the few moments he had spent alone with Jenny Deo he had read in her thoughtful eyes the pure, elevated thoughts of a noble soul, and he did not delay in copying the cultured grace of the Colonel's sister, would in any years be the flawless disposition he admired. Not caring to let Irene know what he thought, he did not answer her question, but said:

"We are invited to spend next Thursday evening with the Colonel and his sister. Is she wishes me to tell her how I educated you, Irene, or shall I answer for myself?"

"My lad!" Oh, I am so glad—yes, surprised, for there is a great difference between us, but I feel drawn toward her as I never did toward another woman."

"Noble hearts are quick to understand each other," thought Raoul, but this thought he did not utter aloud.

The week which followed seemed longer than usual to both brother and sister. She was anxious to hear from Raoul in lips the story of youth, while he was anxious to know what Mademoiselle Deo would say of his method. Besides, this grave woman had pleased him. Not her face, for he could not have said if she was beautiful, but her past, the history of her youth sacrificed to duty, the noble devotion of her existence.

At last the day came on which they were to visit the Colonel. When they arrived they found the Colonel and his sister waiting for them. After the first greetings were over, Colonel Deo said, as with a smile he turned to Raoul:

"Jenny has told me that you have promised to tell us how you educated your sister, but before you begin let me tell you that whatever the means employed, the result could not have been better."

Raoul hesitated for a few instants, but a smiling encouragement from Jenny caused him to forget his embarrassment and in his own terms, slightly unsteady by emotion, he began:

"My mother never recovered after my sister's birth, and a few months later she left us, giving me the charge of the infant that had cost her life. My father, wrapped up as he was in the love for his wife, outlived her but one year, making of Irene and myself orphans when she was only one year old and I twenty. At first an unreasoned hate filled my heart for the child whose birth had cost me a mother's love, a father's affection. So I left her under the care of the old governess who had raised me, from whom I knew she would receive the best of care.

"But one day some trouble my steward had with a tenant of the castle forced me to return to the home where little Irene lived. When I returned to this home of my youth, where my parents had died, a longing came over me to see my sister, and I ordered her to be brought to my room. She played and laughed with her. It would often happen that old Martha entering my study would find me on the floor with little Irene on my back, gleefully urging her pony on.

"But my leave of absence was drawing to an end, and a feeling of sorrow and regret stole over me as I thought of my lonely apartment at Tours. When the time came for me to bid Irene good-by, she threw her arms around my neck and burst into such a paroxysm of grief for courage that I, even me and I ordered Marion to pack up and accompany Irene to Tours. At first the old governess cried out against this idea, but our combined pleadings at last won her consent. The following week we were settled in my spacious apartments.

"From since that day Irene has been by my side, leaving only for the two years when I sent her to the convent that the education I had begun might be completed.

"It was of this education I was to speak, yet I have allowed myself to enter into details that must be wholly uninteresting to you."

"On the contrary," objected Jenny, "these details are highly interesting, and I pray you to dwell on Mademoiselle Irene's childhood as long as possible."

Captain D'Oban thanked her with a smile and resumed his story in lighter tones.

"From since of Irene's childhood were the happiest of my life—"

A surprised protest from Irene caused him to turn toward her with a fond look, as she continued:

"Yes, they were the happiest, for during that time I tasted the sweetest joys. Irene, grown to maidenhood, gives me many satisfactions, but I cannot enjoy that sense of

Tom struck the tramp on the side of the head.

complete possession which I did during her youth. Then I had the constant thought of her welfare, both physical and mental, while now I have but to rest after the fulfillment of my task, and I will another reap enjoy the result of my life's work."

"But I am not going to leave you, Raoul," cried Irene, as her eyes filled with tears. "You know well that I would only leave you when by marriage you will have some other woman to fill the void my departure would cause in your life."

Raoul turned with a smile toward Jenny and said:

"She hopes to see me married, but when a man has reached my age without choosing a life companion, it is better that he never should. When the time comes I will tell that Irene married the man of her choice, but for a few months longer I have the selfishness of wishing to keep her by my side. I must beg your pardon—Irene's remark has once more made me forget my subject. I will resume.

"Not wishing to crowd too much upon the child's memory, I was strong enough not to bear the pressure, I allowed Irene to watch the age of eight years before I gave her any direct knowledge of books. Instead I fortified the body which at that time was most alarmingly frail. But long rides on her pony, a life spent mostly in the open air, and exercises taken in moderate quantity, had soon corrected this fault of nature, and before long I had the happiness of seeing the color of health bloom on her cheeks.

"That she might not learn to be proud, that most foolish of all faults, I allowed her to have free intercourse with my soldiers, who were our inferior in every respect. She soon became their idol, and the whole regiment would be thrown into a state of consternation if Mademoiselle Irene had to have a tooth pulled or was troubled with a cold. The affection they thus lavished upon her she returned with like force, and even now I can't stop her from holding receptions at the menage.

"After her arrival in my apartments order became an impossibility. In my study, which I abandoned entirely to her use, could always be found a strange assemblage of dolls without heads, legs, arms—in fact, a perfect doll ambulance in time of war. And all these were scattered everywhere until there was not even a sitting room in an apartment of no small dimensions. But to show you how the soldiers loved their idol, as Irene soon came to be called, I will cite but one example.

"One day as I was returning from the maneuvers, my man told me that a soldier asked to see me. I had him admitted into the parlor, where I was seated with Irene in my lap. A tall old veteran of many a bloody fight appeared before us, greatly embarrassed by the huge bouquet he held in his hands. After the usual salute he began:

"'Lieutenant, I have been charged by the regiment to bring this small token of our affectionate admiration for the child of us paid something toward it.'

"The small token' which he had unwrapped as he spoke was a doll of huge proportions. Imagine, if you can, an immense head set with locks of red hair as red as to make one think of scarlet fever, a straight, stiff body, with short arms and legs, enormous feet which stuck out from beneath the dress, and hands four times larger than necessary. It was a doll apart, to show that not one was missing; then color the face Austrian blue, a pink satin gown with a long train, and a large hat with a feather in the midst of which will perhaps get an idea of the sight which greeted our eyes when all the paper was taken off. Greatly did the veteran arranged the hat, which was a little to one side, and admired the face as he said that he might display the whole effect of the gift.

"Irene did not say anything at first. I suppose she was a little frightened at the sight of this strange creature which was almost as large as she. But it was only when she saw me fall into ecstasies over it that she began to utter little cries of delight, and the old soldier, forgetting his timidity, said with a proud look:

"'For one not used to such a thing, I have not been too unlucky.'

"I was so moved by this proof of affection from the soldiers that I kept the old man to lunch with us.

"That passed the time until the moment came for me to fortify the brain. This was an easier task, since here I found a solid foundation, built during those years of idleness during which she had acquired much practical knowledge which now, by the aid of books, came into use. At fifteen her education was finished as far as I could go, so, to give her polish of the world, after much hesitation, I concluded to send her to the convent. The greater part of the two years which followed, Irene spent away from my side.

"In spite of her teachers' ceaseless attempts they could not break the rose her boyish manner, which she had developed during her stay at the regiment. Surrounded from earliest childhood by men, learning their sports in preference to those of the weaker sex, she had naturally become a boy-girl, as she has often been called.

"True, my social position would have allowed Irene to be placed in contact with the gentlewomen of our rank, but at that time I had no faith in women, and I feared its influence. Her mind I have over a heart which, at all cost, I wanted to remain pure and noble. Such, Mademoiselle Deo, has been the way I have brought up the precious charge given me by my friend mother. The task was easy and pleasant, since Irene's heart possessed all the sentiments I desired it to have, and but little to do was to teach her to let those feelings have full play."

Raoul ceased speaking, and for a few seconds his listeners remained silent; then Jenny said:

"The method you employed was correct with the result which you had but to deal. Still, it would not be safe to carry it into practice with all girls. I would love to tell you how I wished your sister to be one of those rare women whose hearts know no deceit, but whose minds are stored with beautiful flowers of purity and love; if you wanted her to be without defense. But I have succeeded as few persons do in the undertakings of their lives."

Raoul looked proudly at his sister's opinion, and after Irene had related some of her brother's generous deeds, which he had overlooked, Jenny said:

"Monsieur D'Oban, you found himself alone with Jenny he said:

"Is she not a dear sister—this grave man! His love so fills his life that I doubt if there is room in his heart for another sentiment, as he declared.

Jenny did not answer, but stood looking wistfully at the bright light of the fire in the grate, thinking:

"He is right; his life is wrapped forever in his love for his sister," and a misty vapor obscured the light of the fire.

In the week's issue of the Ledger another installment of this captivating story will be offered the reader. Each subscription to the Ledger calls for a free camera or patterns whether subscription is new or a renewal. announcement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

He Deserved It.

"Why was he expelled from the Automobile Club?"

"For getting up at the banquet and saying of another member that it was when he took a 25 per cent grade at a forty-mile-an-hour clip that he 'won his spurs' as a chauffeur."

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
32 YEARS OLD.
Published Every Saturday
BY
W. D. BOYCE CO.

All communications should be addressed to
THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
113, 115 DEARBORN ST.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger, by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. If not paid in advance, $1.00 a year, $1.00 for six months. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post Office or Express Money Order, payable to The Chicago Ledger. Bank Dollar must be added to all foreign postal subscriptions to pay postage.

Entered at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, as second class matter.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
AND
SATURDAY BLADE.

ADVERTISING.
Advertising rate $1.25 per Agate Line, per insertion, for advertisements in The Chicago Ledger and Saturday Blade.

625,000
COPIES WEEKLY
PROVED CIRCULATION.

BACK NUMBERS.
Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the number wanted. Single copy will be sent, accompanied by price, and subscription order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.
The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is refused. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell the paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will convict any person of collecting money on subscriptions. Persons who come to different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

UNION LABEL
ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL
CHICAGO, ILL.

Even the baby in the cradle finds this is a pretty rocky sort of a world.

Every new invention is expected to revolutionize things—but it doesn't.

Many a man goes broke because of the winning ways of women and gamblers.

When a woman acquires a stunning gown the bill is apt to shock her husband.

A woman never really enjoys hurting a man's feelings unless she loves him.

When the Prohibitionists win wouldn't it be reasonable to say, "After that the deluge?"

When a young man places a girl's picture in his watchcase he expects her to marry him in time.

There are indications that one burning issue in this campaign is going to be the Parker telegram.

Russian estimates of the number of Japanese killed in an engagement are worthy of an expert fisherman.

Young couples who do not find looping the loop sufficiently exciting are still going to St. Joe in great numbers.

Evidently Kouropatkin did not stop to figure out that the rainy season might interfere also with his masterly retreat.

Several contemporaries declare that the Government should "push the Panama Canal." Pushing it will do no good.

Grover Cleveland is to make one speech for Parker. Does that mean that the encyclopedia has declared for the Democratic candidate?

If it is true that General Funston does not know how to swim he should make haste to learn and thus make the historical records straight.

It isn't that the men do not want to go to the summer resorts, but some one has to stay in town and send the checks or the women couldn't remain.

Lawlessness begets lawlessness. Colorado, having sown large chunks of wind, is reaping one or two first-class whirlwinds and citizens of the State with good eyesight can see more coming.

It appears that J. Pierpont Morgan has a private hero fund, so that those who rescue members of his family need not apply to Mr. Carnegie and go through a civil-service examination before receiving their reward.

IN MASQUERADE; OR, THE LUCK OF A FREE LANCE.

BY WILLIAM R. EYSTER.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 27, July 2. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN A WOMAN WILLS, SHE WILL.

My guard and I joined a little group—fellow mortals more wretched, even than I, and a squad of soldiers.

For some reason or other, my fellow prisoners were not viewing the proceedings with equanimity. There was getting to be talk, and some swearing; and I am not sure but that one fellow was weeping. I knew I heard him murmur with a sigh, "Poor children!" Probably he was thinking of home, and the little ones he was likely never more seeing forever.

"Fall in, here!" was the order by the officer in command, as I interpreted it, and I took my place by the side of the odd person in the prison. But I could have no hope, or was I full of the historic calmness of despair?

I do not know, any more than why there was such an evident desire to separate the shuffling off of my mortal coil. I do know I stiffened my backbone, and marched in a soldierly manner, even though in the darkness no one might observe it. Ten minutes longer to live. That was my mental calculation; and that very calculation showed I was not as yet entirely a coward.

I had also ceased to shiver. Though I might not show it, I was intent on all that was going on. I was not even letting things, then, took on an almost ludicrous importance. I was thinking of Mrs. Marchmont, and mentally photographed my surroundings. I expected the command to halt, the firing party would hold straight, and wondered how many of us would be standing after the first fire. I hoped I would be one. It would be if I happened to be only badly wounded. All the same, I was not without enough of the military in me to make me keep step with the rest.

In the midst of it there was a command to halt, coming from the rear. Then a muttered conversation, in which I took an almost an affirmative nod; and Mrs. Marchmont had me by the hand, and a strong, hearty voice was saying:

"Young man, it is lucky for you we wasted no time. If we had not been working all night in your cause we could have postponed our luncheon till the resurrection. You are safe now, and free."

So I was. Mrs. Marchmont and her escort brought me an unconditional release; and it certainly came in the nick of time. Really, when I tried to give thanks my voice trembled. I held out my hand as to much that is a friend, or quite the gentleman's due.

It was shaken, too, warmly enough. Then, a cloak lurching in the morning air on my shoulders, I was hustled away as rapidly as circumstances would permit. In five minutes I had recovered my self-possession, and was silent and respectful as ever.

I sat down to my breakfast that morning, clothed and in my right mind. A bath, a new suit of clothes—including an apparently bran new revolver—provided by Mrs. Marchmont, and the services of a barber had made a different fellow of me, I think. That breakfast made the good work feel more like a permanency than a dream.

After I had finished the meal and smoked a cigar the madame left me alone. She looked me over in a satisfied way and then came to business. It was not her intention to linger in Havana, she explained, if not necessary. A vessel was leaving for Central American ports, and she intended to take our passage thereupon. In fact, the passage had already been engaged.

"I must escape from Panama, if possible; or, at the least, follow at once. I cannot dispute it with the authorities, of course. Ordinarily she is well able to take care of herself, but that wretch Gomez is capable of anything. He may seek to reach me through her."

"Sure, sir' Campos will be k'apin' an oye on her. Ye'nade have no fears."

"Perhaps; but even Mr. Bonito and Whetstone has a certain power against which even Campos might not prevail. Besides, leaving aside all question of gratitude, I want to ask you whether you would be willing to serve me as you did back at New York. I will not conceal that there may be grave risk in it. Are you willing to you proportionally if we come out of the country alive?"

There was a faraway look in her eyes which told me she was thinking of other things than my humble services; and I fancied that was the reason she had probably forgotten certain matters concerning the Republic of Honduras and the Second Irregulars. Or, had she seen through the pretenses from the first, and brushed all that nonsense away? I knew if we happened to run against Gomez, in any sort of proposition, if accepted, would require a world of explanation, and perhaps some of it done at the point of the sword; but what of that? The answer could never be in doubt. I gave her a pledge without hesitation; and that same day we were on the Bonito, steaming southward.

I was no longer an envoy plenipotentiary, nor a colonel of revolutionists. I was simply an all-around servant, hired to go and come at the beck of the Marchmonts.

That was all right—for the present at least. As I had suspected would be the case, the madame made of me companion rather than servant, though never by any chance alluding to what had taken place on the Panama. Perhaps she was ashamed; or, it might be, delicacy forbade her showing she had remembered the baldness of my horribly false pretenses.

My part, then, was somewhat difficult; but it was all the more interesting. I had to be constantly on guard; and no doubt from the general knowledge I exhibited she gave me credit for marvelous powers of observation and memory. Finally, I believe on my soul, had it not been for the clothes procured by her in anticipation of my release, she would have forgotten all about my position, and accepted me as a comrade.

Every time, nearly, that she looked at me with anything like critical observance she could not help but take in that accursed suit, which said plainly as could be, "This is your countryman—not your confidant."

Just where we were bound seemed uncertain. I knew little more now than when I left New York as to the intentions and destination of the ladies, but I was told to hold myself in readiness to abandon the vessel at any time when we came to anchor if it seemed necessary, and not to be surprised if called upon to take an inland journey at the shortest notice.

After two weeks I was glad enough when we steamed into harbor for the first time, after leaving Havana, and duly the placid sameness of the voyage was beginning to tire. Twenty-four hours without an adventure, and Kingston, Jamaica, and Antigone Bay was welcome.

The madame looked around as though she felt herself at home.

"Rourke, as you are a total stranger here I suppose you will remain on board and look after my belongings in case I should be compelled to go ashore at this place. Be on the alert, and ready to move promptly. You can avoid any trouble with the customs, and I will supply you with money."

"Sure, an' ye wouldn't thrust yersilf alone in a strange land?" he protested. "Ye'll let m'ate Whitstone, himself?"

"Oh! Whetstone can see better, and I hope I will not be as much alone as you think, Rourke. You will be patient, and remember to be on guard yourself."

The steamer was to remain until the next morning. We went well up to the town to have a chance to go on shore after Mrs. Marchmont's arrival; but, as a matter of fact, I was not pleased to see her go, with such very indefinite information in regard to her intentions.

One hour passed and then another, without word from the owner. She had left the vessel with a man I believed to be the supercargo under the strictest care—or not I had no means of knowing. After all, Mrs. Marchmont was not as entirely confidential with me as I could wish.

The longer I waited the more disgusted I grew with my position. I could not help but see what a fool I was ever to admit I was the *New York O'Rourke*. I should have proclaimed myself a Spaniard, combined a strong in my character of envoy of the sympathetic Spanish people, and left that character Mrs. Marchmont might not have been in a position to give me release, but she might have demanded and obtained delay until an investigation could be made.

My confidence in myself was at a sudden ending.

I had noticed several gentlemen come on board, who looked as though they might be of official or military rank. But I thought little of them until I noted the preparations which had the undeniable look of immediate departure.

That brought me up from my lounging position against the rail. Bonito had received a military commission which admitted of no delay. In fact, she was almost ready to weigh anchor, and I had already been despatched in search of Mrs. Marchmont. Something of a scamper was about to suit.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish. Would she return in time? was I to run the risks and leave her baggage on board, or had I better land with it myself and wait for her on the pier? And what was I to do with myself? Ponder over such matters in about ten minutes to a decision.

I looked off over the little town, the huddled conglomeration of bamboo and cocoanut huts, with the more pretentious of red-roof and hotel buildings showing like giants amongst the pygmies, and looked around to save on the water front. Certainly it could soon be explored. There was a squad of native soldiers on the pier, but the Bonito had received her official visitation, and I was hardly likely to go on shore. I made up my mind in a hurry and bolted off, without any very clear idea of where I was going or what to do.

I was fairly certain my Spanish would carry me through, even if I knew nothing about the patois of the country. Undecided as I hurried to the spot where I had last sight of Mrs. Marchmont, and from that point as a base of operations I started on my quest. The consulates, of course, suggested no little activity in the neighborhood of the Bonito was a mere local affair, and because of stern necessity. Before I had gone far great distance the streets were empty and I had a glimpse of the fact that the inhabitants were taking a siesta. Of whom should I make inquiries?

I went on rapidly, casting keen glances around, and as usual my lucky star was in the ascendant. A dark-faced cub, with no more clothing on than the law allowed, and even that of a primitive nature, caught sight of me and across lastly from the place where he was basking.

"Senor looks for some one?" he asked, with a sweep of the hand, yet in a tone so low I fancied he was not altogether desirous of being overheard by any one else.

Good! There is some one awake in this sleepy town. I began to doubt it. Yes, I am looking for a lady who left the Bonito an hour or so ago. An American lady—have you seen her?"

"No I believe, Senor. It may be a mistake, but to me it seems she passed this way. There could not be two such strangers?"

"No, I will vouch for that. In which direction did she go? This for your information so far. If you can find her for me soon I will pay you much more."

I tossed the fellow a silver dollar, which was willingly received. Thrusting it out of sight, in an underhanded way he beckoned me, and led off. After a little he halted and pointed at a house which stood in the midst of a grove.

"If it be the same woman, then I think she went yonder, and has not come away. Tell no one I showed you. Be on your guard."

With that warning he caught another coin I tossed him and left hastily. Then I went on.

Halting at the front of the building I looked and listened.

From within, as though in answer to my thoughts, there came the cry of a woman. As I raised my foot, thinking to dash forward, I heard a quick, muffled sound, and around the corner of the building, charging straight at me, with a bound, came the great fangs gleaming in their wide-open jaws.

CHAPTER XVI.

I UNSHEATH THE SWORD.

The dogs themselves were not so much of an issue as were the complications they might introduce. I had a pretty fair idea what I could do with a forty-four caliber revolver. If I missed my aim I increased in my belief, and was altogether an unwarranted intruder, the shooting of whom, and there, might lead to no end of trouble, and all for no good. More; it would take two shots from my gun—and I was not at all certain I could spare them.

All of this in the fifth or second I was wheeling on my heel. As the hounds were coming so swiftly I knew I had to think more swiftly still. With two shots, only a fraction of a second apart, I dropped them both, and, turning again, flung myself against the door.

The fact of that door being closed in the heart of the day was in itself suspicious, though I was not sure I had any idea of what I expected to find. It was standing open before my vigorous assault, and simply calling upon Mrs. Marchmont to hurry into the house.

There were what had impeded my operations. A man in the garb of a soldier lay on the floor, just as I had upset him. He still grasped a sword in his hand, clutched out of his fingers, disregarding the alarming fact that I could see a knife in my belt.

I did not stop to search for other weapons. The woman's cry, which I had heard, sounds, an instant later dashing through an open and inner door, to find myself in the presence of Mrs. Marchmont, who was searching.

There were half a dozen persons in the room, and their appearance certainly gave me the impression of a tribunal of some sort. If the first man my eyes fell on had not been Whetstone it is likely I might have begun with an explanation, and delivered myself to the majesty of the law as there represented.

Fortunately—as it must seem to me—I had set him down as the rest of the company without close inspection, and was ready for most anything to help the woman in my employ, and save her from harm.

"Save me from these villains, Major!"

That was enough. I was, apparently, and that she was a prisoner went without saying. As she bounded in my direction I could see she stood on guard—not men, apparently comrades of the one I had already floored, but I knew rather than saw her movement.

Though following instantly, they did not overtake her. I lifted my left hand under which she ran; with the sword in my right I struck. Then, as the two fell upon me across their path, the point coming in line with their faces, causing them not only to halt, but to give back.

"Come away, come away!" shouted my employer; and I knew rather than saw she had not stopped, but was rushing out through the open door.

I would not have had the least objection to following at once had it seemed safe; but the moment I turned, the two I had driven back would be on me, whilst I might count on Whetstone taking a hand in with a revolver. Indeed, I had not long to wait for a general movement. In the farther end of the room was a man in uniform, who seemed to be the important individual of the crowd. About him the others had secured his wits.

"Kill the intruder!" he shouted; and at that Whetstone and two or three more rushed in my direction, whilst the two I had temporarily confounded also began warily toward me. I gave back as far as the doorway, and then stood on guard, my fighting blood up and almost willing to kill the whole of them if I could get at Whetstone first.

It was just as well I had lately had that trial bout with Campos. It had given me confidence in myself, and though the weapon I held was rather heavier than I had accustomed to, it happened to be well

balanced. When the two came rushing at me, sword in hand, I was as cool as you please, and gave point with swift certainty, anticipating the time when our blades would cross.

The first thrust caught a man in the shoulder. Recovering with a swing, I chopped the other on the arm, so that his sword went ringing down from his hand. The two staggered aside, uncovering Whetstone, pistol in hand. Had he been quick to take a snapshot I would have been done for. As it was, he brought his hand up with deadly care, evidently intending to take cool aim, not noticing that I had already changed my weapon from right hand to left. My pistol was ready to grasp, and throwing it up I pulled the trigger promptly.

I knew exactly where that bullet had gone, and did not wait to see him stagger for a moment and then sink slowly to the floor. There was really no great amount of harm done, but he would be out of the game for the present, which was all I cared for. As long as I could keep from actual killing it was better to do so, since it began to look as though the chances for escape were slender enough. I heard an exclamation from Mrs. Marchmont, and knew she had been halted in front.

While that was diverting my attention some one answered my pistol shot in kind, I felt what seemed to be a sudden blow on the head, and down I went, with the impression I was done for at last.

At once there was a rush from the room to the spot where I had fallen, and before I knew anything else two or three men were upon me.

That was where they made their mistake. It is possible, if they had stood off and menaced me with their weapons, I would have been content to die at my leisure. Instead, they chose to take hold of me; and so, as they had brought themselves within reach, I thought I would at least die trying to make my teeth meet. For a man who had a bullet through his brain I found, too, that I was in no haste to expire. In some way I slipped from under them and struggled to my feet with three men clinging to me. If they had stood off a little tney might have killed me decently and in order, as no doubt they would have been very glad to do had they only thought of it.

Once up—and I had held on to my weapons—I struck out with my left hand; or, rather, with the sword which was in it. Had it not been for the fellow clinging to my right arm there would have been one man dead. I lunged squarely enough at his breast, and he was fairly within reach. But the man at my right gave a wrench at that moment, and my point went wild, whilst I saw the third raising his saber to cut me down.

I parried skillfully enough, but as my blade clanged against his the man at whom I had thrust came back at me with a catlike leap and threw himself against my left, which was now my sword arm. They were not cowards though they might be assassins.

Once more the swordsman raised his blade, and there was no possibility of parry. If this time he struck me as hard as he did the other he would cleave me to the chin. It was only for an instant, but with eyes wide open I stared him in the face as though he was indeed the messenger of death.

Then, with a rush, came Mrs. Marchmont. With hands outstretched she flung herself against the fellow who had hold of me on the right.

The attack was as vigorous as unexpected. It broke his grip, and fairly tumbled him over to the floor. That left my pistol hand loose, and before the already started blow could descend I swung the muzzle of my revolver around. Without taking other aim I pulled the trigger.

The bullet caught the man in the arms, as I intended it should. The third I leveled with a crashing blow from the butt of my revolver. For the moment I was free.

There was no time to linger. I caught Mrs. Marchmont around the waist.

"Quick! There is joust one chance for us. These men would kill us loike dogs. The Bonito is getting onder weigh. Av we board her at the roight momint we may foil thim yit."

So I spoke, hurrying her along. She was ready enough for flight, and we tore out of the building, and away in the direction of the steamship. Of course, the hope was desperate, but this was the only possible line of retreat which offered any cnance at all of escape.

I soon saw my companion was able to keep up with me, and so dropped my arm from her. Side by side we raced for the landing.

There was no immediate pursuit. For that much I thanked fortune. If I made no mistake about what I had done, there was no one dead, or even motally wounded; but I had left behind considerable to attend to. It seemed as though no alarm had been given outside of the house, the streets were still deserted, and when I had made two-thirds of the way to the shore I threw away the sword and slipped the pistol into hiding. The supercargo was in front of us, so I knew the Bonito had not gone, though from the haste he was making I guessed the time of her departure was near.

I was right in that. The Bonito was only waiting for him and as we slipped on board, unhindered by the soldier who stood on guard at the pier, the vessel swung off.

It was then that Mrs. Marchmont began to show signs of weakness. There had been a hard run and much excitement; if I had not hindered she would have thrown herself down on deck. As it was, I supported her to the door of her cabin, the key to which I fortunately had in my possession.

"Lock yourself in and lie down," I hastily whispered. "Oi think the danger is over for the prisint, but Oi shall go on deck an' k'ape watch for the spalpeens."

She obeyed without a word, and I tripped away with the knowledge I had acted like a hero or a madman. I did not know which; nor did I care.

It was well for us the Bonito had lost no time and that her mission was too important to allow of turning back for the men who at last appeared, rushing down toward the shore.

They waved their arms, gesticulated frantically and fiercely, and I more than half suspected they would open fire. If there had been a cannon available no doubt they would have done so.

The Bonito was in a hurry, however; and the eyes of the captain were conveniently blind. Fortunately, he never connected me with the matter; and I had the pleasure of hearing a few slighting remarks about the loiterers who had missed tneir chance. I drew several long breaths when at last I was sure the danger was past, and then took a little time to think over the latest developments.

Once more, unless much mistaken, I had been of signal service.

Evidently, Whetstone had landed from the Panama, and was as evidently getting in more of his work when I had the good luck to appear on the scene. What it all meant, though, I could not tell. Perhaps I had dropped into "tne government house." It might be the villain had been claiming the madame as his wife, and I had interrupted a course of legal procedure. Law and the military were pretty intimately connected hereabouts, even though the government was nominally republican. I had all along held a suspicion of that kind or I am afraid I would not have been able to hold my hand. It would have been just as easy to shoot Whetstone through the brain, and save a lot of trouble, as it was to bring him down by a "crease" along the top of his skull.

If I had really carried away a prisoner from the hands of the constituted authorities it was plain I had better avoid revisiting the place in this generation. Meantime, there was something beginning to trouble my mind which I had entirely overlooked when I led off in the late hegira. What had become of Miss Lorena?

Had she gone on shore from the Panama and been followed by Whetstone? If so, she might well have met with disaster. Possibly Mrs. Marchmont could give me some information, and I began to be anxious to meet her again. Supposing, after all, I had blundered?

Well, I had played to Mrs. Marchmont's lead as well as I knew how, and for a coachman had held down quite well my end of the game as I understood it. If she would only explain matters more clearly I would be better able to advise. But the idea of making a confidant of an ex-hack-driver and stable boy! I laughed to myself when I thought of it—and it was not a comfortable laugh. I did not know whether to be glad or frightened when the steward approached me with a message.

"The Senora wishes to see you if it is convenient. Her trip on shore has been disastrous. I fear she is about to be sick."

I went to her stateroom in haste.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE WHIRL OF A REVOLUTION.

The madame was at her worst. Never even in fancy had I seen her anything like this, and I imagined her brief experience on shore must have been of a terrible nature to have so broken her down. I at once assumed my airiest manner.

"Sure, an' so long as you're safe there's no use to be frittin' yersilf about Miss Loreney. Av ye can't do betther we'll make a barg'in wid that same Whitstone; an' thin ch'ate the oyes out av him."

"But if we can make no bargain! You understand? Without a doubt she is his prisoner—has been taken somewhere up in the interior, if, indeed, she is not dead."

Her voice fell to an awe-stricken whisper, though she was already recovering courage to face the situation.

"Av he can't or won't come to t'arms I'll s'arch the villain out, an' the nixt toime howld shtraight. How long wor you in his power, an' what wor goin' on whin Oi dawned in on ye?"

"Thank Heaven, I was not in his power for long! After I left the vessel I found he was in pursuit of me, and went into hiding—I have a friend or two here. Unfortunately, I was, I suspect, betrayed. Once a prisoner I can tell nothing more until I recognized you as you dashed in to the rescue. Ah! that was grand. Yet, how came you to be there was a mystery I would have you explain."

"No mystery, at all at all. Oi l'arned the Bonito wor to shtart in an hour, an' Oi wint out on the hunt for ye. A mon guided me to the house an' thin lift me to me own devoicis. Oi heard ye schr'ame, an' th' rist wor the natural coourse af evints."

She looked at me strangely, and rather thoughtfully. She no longer trembled. My presence not only gave her comfort but strength.

"And for me, a comparative stranger, you were willing to risk yourself in a fight, the right or wrong of which was unknown to you?"

"An' whoy would Oi not afther ye saved me loife at Havana? It wor no bluff game they put up on me that noight. Oi belong to yez as much as the clothes Oi have on, an' av ye asked me for me heart's blood it's yersilf that should have it."

I kept up the delusion of the brogue, but beyond that, I swear, I was speaking from the heart. This woman had not so long ago saved my life. As I looked at her I wondered I had never known before how far gratitude would take a man. Certainly I felt nothing else.

But she was still thinking; and I imagined it was not altogether about what I had said.

I saw her face turn white, her hands tremble, and a strange gleam come into her eyes. Then she shut her teeth hard, gathering herself together by an effort which only a strong woman could make. What was the meaning of all this I had no time to consider. There came an interruption not altogether unwelcome to either of us. She spoke in a different tone:

"Enough for the present. Supper is ready—something I just now need more than anything else. Let me lean on your arm. The dangers of the day have left me weak as a child. There is nothing more we can do till we land. Till then I must forget my fears, though I begin to think that with you to aid there can be no such word as failure. Already I am almost a new woman. Campos made no mistake."

After supper I snowed her to her cabin and went on deck for a cigar, hoping she might follow. Meantime, I could think.

If ever any one seemed to have hopped from the frying pan into the fire it appeared to be the Marchmonts. If they fled here to escape the persecutions of Marcus Whetstone they certainly had made a mess of it. In New York he was under the surveillance of the officers of the law; here, he seemed to be their ally.

As yet I did not know where our journey was expected to end—Honduras, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, or the other side of the world. From some things I had heard on the Panama I rather inclined to the opinion it would be Honduras. Mrs. Marchmont had hinted at having some influence there, so that it would be natural for her to seek it as a place of refuge. At the some time, I doubted if she had ever spent much time along the latitude 15°. A year in those regions generally suffices to make an American woman turn yellow as a ripe banana and ancient looking as an obelisk.

At all events, I would quickly know more. The ports were not so far apart, and the next halt of the Bonito would soon be made. No doubt Mrs. Marchmont would at least prepare me by a hint for what course we were then to take.

In that opinion, however, I was as much mistaken as I usually was when imagining the spirit of prophecy strong within me. As a fact, I did not see her again until we were at Puerto Cortez, and I had begun to grow anxious.

Then she came out, fresh as a young girl. I confess I stared at the marked change which had taken place.

"O'Rourke, you will remain in charge of the luggage until you hear from me. Attend to the officers of the customs if necessary—I can trust you with that. Probably I will send a messenger within half an hour. Have no fear for me, the captain will see me ashore."

And away she went, leaving me no chance to protest. Certainly cool reflection had altered her tone toward me with a vengeance. I was back again on the old, New York footing, and my lady had even forgotten that I was a major. She intended me to know my station. Confound it! At that moment I yearned for Campos and a regiment of irregulars. As an ensample I would have started a revolution on the spot, and proclaimed myself dictator.

However, Campos nor the regiment was there, and she had asked nothing more than I had offered. I cooled my heels around the Bonito, waiting for the messenger, who finally came off shore, accompanied by a couple of stevedores. He was barely in time, for I had grown weary of the contemplation of the beach, and the hamlet of huts, hovels and a few more pretentious buildings, with the mountains overshadowing, and the desolate line of rails, leading away apparently to nowhere.

I followed my leader cheerfully enough, glad and thankful for a guide through whom I was certain I would fare all the better in this Heaven-forsaken, ghastly-looking town.

I brought up at what I could see at a glance was a private residence. As Mrs. Marchmont met me on my arrival I felt reasonably at ease, though she had but a word to say.

Though the building was only one story in height, it was of considerable extent, and I suppose could have received a dozen more weary wanderers without crowding its resources. At all events, I was consigned to an apartment by myself for such time as I found to rest. When I was summoned to the table I found to my surprise that I was to be treated as a guest.

Mrs. Marchmont met me with a cordial shake of the hand, and an introduction to Senor Ximenes and his wife as her friend and preserver.

I tried to conceal the surprise I really felt; and I think I succeeded fairly well. Mrs. Marchmont was a creature of moods, and almost as changeable as a chameleon. I had seen her under circumstances of excitement and danger, always coming out strong and brave at the pinch; but often under reaction sinking away with a rapidity uncomfortable to note. I began to understand that in her moments of strength I was but a servant; when reaction and prostration came I might be hero, and even friend. The trouble was, I admired her in proportion to her strength. When weakness was paramount I could scarce rise above remembrance and sympathy.

Since I knew she had one husband, and Campos had vaguely hinted at another, perhaps this was just as well. The adventures could go on just the same, whilst I would be saved from making a spectacle of myself.

I ran this over in my mind while bowing to Senor Ximenes, whom I at once set down as a gentleman of wealth and affairs. Before long I knew he was doing a flourishing business, and was an old acquaintance of the madame.

She had already told him about our fight at St. Thomas, since he at once complimented me on my gallantry. At the same time he hinted it would be as well to observe caution in speaking of the matter, except when in strict and certain privacy. As he then turned the conversation I judged he did not care to pursue the subject farther, and governed myself accordingly.

Of course, I had some anxiety to know what would be next on the program, but naturally felt I was in no position to ask questions. At any moment Mrs. Marchmont might in an abstracted fashion remark, "Considine, you will harness the horses and bring around the carriage"; and I did not care to have my two characters mixed before strangers. A little later sne said to me:

"I find that Campos has gone on to Tegucigalpa. I have no claim on him, but he is the one man who can help me now. He has means of information which will not be colored by the wishes of the government. The journey is not what it once was, and I think it would be to my profit to find him before making an open move. He is a man of wisdom and resources, and might discover the true facts in the case. After what you have seen it is hardly worth while to say it would be unsafe for me to make any personal explorations. Whetstone has a whole government on his side now."

"Av ye chooses, Oi could look afther him mesilf. It's not governmints nor Whitstone av which Oi am afeared, an' ye can remain here as gineral in ch'afe."

"Thank you for the offer, but, to tell the truth, I do not care to remain. Of a morning at sunrise you can cut the malaria here with a knife, and though usually impervious to it, I do not now wish to take any chances. The question is, whether to accept your escort, or leave you here on guard as my representative. Ximenes could attend to matters for me, however. You had better not remain. It rains ten hours in the day and every day in the week."

"Sure, an' av ye expicts to say Campos it's betther Oi go along wid ye. There wor certain matthers betwane us, an' it would be as will to make me apologies for me absence be word av mouth."

"True. I had forgotten. We go together, then. There are but few preparations to make, and I will expect you to be ready for the journey."

Of course I was ready, since my lady attended to everything herself, and left me nothing at all to do but to follow her lead.

I might say that all the way to Tegucigalpa she was graciousness itself, and even made reference to the syndicate, which I had thought completely wiped out of her memory. As a clerk of Senor Ximenes went along with us, my post as escort was a sinecure, and when we reached the city he saw to our accommodation without the least instruction or consultation on our part. The entire journey was so devoid of incident that I need give no further description of a trip which not so many years ago would have been both difficult and dangerous.

Once settled at a headquarters, Mrs. Marchmont was impatient to find Senor Campos. For that matter, so was I. Of course, with my limited knowledge of the city, and utter ignorance of the habits and affairs of my steamer friend, it would be like looking for a needle in a haystack to undertake a search for him when a messenger had brought back word he was not at his rooms. Nevertheless, I was always good at finding my way about a strange place, and I set out, deciding I would trust to luck and keep a sharp lookout.

There were plenty of interesting things to see for the looking at them, which I discovered without much trouble. I never hesitate to ask for information when I think I need it; and as a rule I find people willing ot respond. It was through the directions of a benevolent-loking senor—who probably misunderstood my question—that I found myself in front of the cathedral, surprised, perhaps, at the display of actual life in a people I had been led to think were moribund, if not dead and buried.

There was a crowd at the building, inside and out; and somehow I was thrilled with a feeling of expectant suspense. Something was about to happen. I was certain of it, even though without tangible reason, and pushed forward until I had reached the front rank of those lining the open space before the entrance. Certainly I had no interest in a gentleman who stepped out of the building, nor in the two immediately following him. Yet, an instant later, I was in the thick of a broil, fighting for them as though they were the dearest friends I had on earth. I heard the clash of steel, the crack of firearms, the shouts of a mob, and the rattle of horses' hoofs. Here was a revolution, sure enough; and if this was the little matter spoken of by Campos, I was on the wrong side.

Next week's issue of the Ledger will present further chapters of this highly interesting story to the reader. It will pay you to follow the characters to the end of the narrative. Each subscriber to the Ledger is entitled to our free cameras and patterns as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Didn't Want Him.

Backpay—Doctor, I'm all run down; been working like a horse.

Doctor—Then you'd better consult a veterinary surgeon.

Pointed Paragraphs.

If a man makes no enemies he has but few friends.

A wife is the only extravagant habit some men have.

Expert testimony depends upon who employs the expert.

His satanic majesty doesn't waste any of his time on the hypocrite.

A marriage license gives a man a legal rignt to lie to one woman.

A wife should not attempt to soften a hard-hearted husband by soaking him.

After a young man's mustache becomes heavier than his eyebrows his knowledge of the world begins to decrease.

Much Safer.

We approached the Czar.

"You do not seem worried because the Russian fleet is bottled up?" we interrogated.

The Czar smiled a wan smile.

"My dear friend," he said slowly, "don't you know, our ships are like wine; the longer they are bottled up the better."

May Not Be True.

"The congregation of our church was very dilatory in raising funds for a new bell."

"That's strange. Why, the fund for electric fans over the pews was oversubscribed."

"Yes; an article appeared in the local paper stating that electric fans caused drowsiness."

Bound to Be Popular.

"I think we'll run in a short history of Napoleon this week," said the dime novel writer.

"But will he appeal to our boy readers?" asked the publisher.

"Oh, yes. I've mentioned that he was so small because he smoked cigarettes."

Summer Joke.

Ida—What has become of Percy Pink?

May—Haven't you heard? Why, there is a price on his head.

Ida—Goodness gracious! What has the poor boy done?

May—Bought a $10 panama and left the price-mark on it.

Her Challenge.

They sat on the rustic bench counting the fireflies.

"Darling," he whispered softly, "may I print a kiss on your cherry lips?"

The beautiful girl stared at him searchingly.

"Do you belong to the Printers' Union?" she asked quickly.

The Cause of the Rush.

"My! look at that crowd of women trying to get in that department store."

"Yes, it's a regular rush."

"But it's not open yet. The doors aren't open yet."

"Yes, they're the women who followed the line of advice in the ads.: 'Come early and avoid the rush.'"

A Delayed Proposal.

Tess—Mr. Sloman is such an excitable individual, so effervescent, as it were.

Jess—I should think you'd be the last person in the world to call him "effervescent."

Tess—Why?

Jess—I notice you haven't succeeded in making him "pop."

What She Said.

"George, dear," she said, with a blush, "do you know that Mr. Simpson asked me last night to be his wife?"

"Well, I like his impudence! The idea of proposing to an engaged young lady! What did you say to him?"

"I told him that I was very sorry indeed, but he was too late."

Getting Ready to Meet the Boston Girl.

Chicago Youth—I was introduced to a Boston girl at the Shakespeare readings last night.

College Professor—I congratulate you, Chicago Youth—Yes. By the way, professor, what is the Latin for "Wouldn't that jar you"?

Silent.

La Monti—Say, old man, I haven't heard your phonograph of late. Is it out of order?

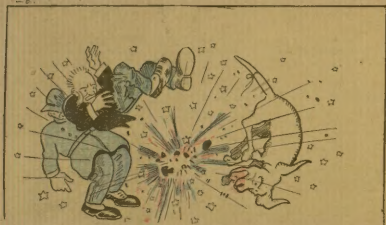
La Moyne—Yes; I call it the "Judge Parker" machine now.

La Monti—Why so?

La Moyne—It hasn't anything to say.

THIS HAPPENED ON THE FOURTH.

Mr. Goodsort—"Ah, poor dog, I will relieve you of that firecracker! It will——"



(Boom!)

Policeman—"It's a shame to see an old man like youse a-playin' such fool tricks. I arrest youse fur cruelty to animals."

A Hard Question.

Modern Maid—I wish some advice.

Old Lady—Certainly, my dear. What is it?

Modern Maid—Shall I marry a man whose tastes are the opposite of mine, and quarrel with him? or shall I marry a man whose tastes are the same as mine, and get tired of him?

Doing Time.

Father Time was disturbed.

"The world is moving too fast for me," he sighed.

"What is the trouble?"

"Why, an American firm advertises 'How to Make Ten-Year-Old Rye Whisky in Two Weeks.'"

THE WRESTLING CRAZE.

Jones (with great presence of mind)—It's all right, Mrs. Booth. We were talking about wrestling, and I was just explaining to your daughter what is meant by the waist hold.

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the fact and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Not What They Dreaded.

The hobo with bushy beard rushed through the dime lodging house.

"Blood will be spilled in here today!" he roared wildly. There was a panic among the lodgers.

"W-who's g-going to spill it?" faltered a dozen frightened hobos.

"I am! I'm Bad Bill from Butte."

"Ah, get out! We thought the vaccinating doctor was coming."

Hard Job.

"Have you any idea where I could find a professional bank burglar?" asked the hospital physician.

"What's your object?" asked the detective.

"I've got to remove a portion of a drummer's cheek who was hurt in a railway wreck," exclaimed the M. D., "and I need the assistance of a man who understands drilling and blasting."

The Fork Fad.

Marker—The spread of the opium habit is something terrible. I am told that women of the highest class have been seen going into opium joints.

Parker—Oh, that's all nonsense. Ladies of fashion go to such places to watch the Chinamen use chopsticks. They want to learn how to eat soup with a fork.

Avoiding Suspicion.

Miss De Style—Horrors! Why have you adopted a grocer's scale and a yard stick as our coat of arms?

Mrs. De Style—I wish people to know that our money was made in honest trade. Otherwise they might suspect that your father or grandfather had been captain on the police force.

Looking Him Up.

Father—Myrtilla, that young man who has been calling on you is quite a social lion, is he not?

Myrtilla—Yes, indeed, father. Why, these afternoons you can find him in some of the most fashionable streets.

Father—Tut! Tut! Can you find him in Bradstreet's?

Slang Tabooed.

Clara—Our club bars out gum chewing and slang.

Bertha—It does?

Clara—Yes; women who chew gum and talk slang oughtn't to cut any ice in a literary club.

Love's Young Dream.

Father—Now, see here! If you marry that young pauper, how on earth are you going to live?

Sweet Girl—Oh, we have figured that all out. You remember that old hen my aunt gave me?

"Yes."

"Well, I have been reading a poultry circular, and I find that a good hen will raise twenty chicks in a season. Well, the next season that will be twenty-one hens; and as each will raise twenty more chicks, that will be 420. The next year the number will be 8,400, the following year 168,000, and the next 3,360,000! Just think! At only 10 cents a piece we will then have $1,680,000. Then, you dear old papa, we'll lend you some money to pay off the mortgage on this house."

Where the Boss Made a Mistake.

A senior of one of the large manufacturing concerns came through the store recently and noticed a boy sitting on a counter, swinging his legs and whistling merrily. The senior eyed him severely as he confronted him and inquired:

"Is that all you have to do?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; report to the cashier and tell him to pay you off. We don't need boys like you around here."

"But, sir," said the astonished boy, "I don't work for you. I have just bought some goods and am waiting for the bill."

A Risky Journey.

Indian Chief (to prisoner)—You say you are a foreign tourist?

Prisoner—Yes.

"And you have a title?"

"Yes."

"And you are unmarried?"

"Yes."

"Well, I will let you go; but you will have to run the gauntlet of American heiresses all the way from Denver to New York."

As She Understood.

"Cotton! Cotton!" mused the excited broker. "I've had it in my ears all day."

"Dear me," said his pretty wife, "you are just like my grandmother. She never went out unless she had cotton in her ears."

AGENTS WANTED

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

One in each town to ride and exhibit a sample bicycle. Write for special offer. 1904 Models, $8.75 to $17. Guaranteed Coaster Brake, Puncture Proof Tires and best equipment. Last year's Models $7 to $12. 500 Second-Hand Wheels all makes and Models $3 to $8. Great factory clearing sale at half factory cost. We Ship on Approval without a cent deposit and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL on every bicycle. Are you satisfied with a second-hand wheel? EARN A BICYCLE taking orders from your friends. Write at once for catalogues and our special offer. AUTOMOBILES, motorcycles and sundries at half usual prices. MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. S239 Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING.

ONE MILLION CURED CASES.

You Can Be Cured Whether You Believe in Christian Science or Not.

Over a million cases of disease in every form are now in the credit of Christian Science Healing. Most of these were cases that the doctors had given up as "incurable." Many more were chronic maladies that had baffled their skill for years. All were quickly cured; some were cured instantly. The evidence on these facts is simply indisputable and the cures still goes on. There can be no mistake or misstatement about it. The healers and their work are in public view. As a C. S. healer my many marvelous cures have startled the world. During the past 12 years I have healed diseases of almost every known kind and in every stage of severity. They included many surgical cases where operations were otherwise threatened. I cured cases that were far away from me, as well as those near at hand. And I tell you in like manner that wherever you may dwell, whether one or many physicians have failed to give you relief, if you report the case to me and so desire, you shall be cured. This is no vain or idle promise. The past success fully justifies it. You can be cured whether you believe in Christian Science or not. You can be cured whether in this city or thousands of miles away from me. In our Christian Science Healing distance is of no account; disbelief is not any hindrance; disappointments of the past only make stronger grounds for hope. All you really need is the wish to be healed.

I have just published a little book in regard to this blessed truth called "A Message of Health and Healing." If you write to me I will gladly send you a copy free. It gives many interesting facts and convincing testimonials. Enclose 2-cent stamp for postage. S. A. Jefferson, C. S. B., Suite 604, 112 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

Warning.

Sam—Dah am some doubt about ol' Deacon Smiff reachin' de golden sho'."

Remus—Who am responsible?

Sam—Why, Sistah Green. She fed de deacon so high on chicken dat he got too big to go up de narrow paff.

Penalties of Fame.

Scribbler (gloomily)—Literary fame is a continual torment.

Spicer—How so?

Scribbler—A fellow's creditors keep dunning him just to get his autograph.

A Cruel Alternative.

Downton—Here comes Blakers. He's got a new baby, and he'll talk us to death.

Upton—Well, here comes a neighbor of mine who has a new setter dog. Let's introduce them to each other, and leave 'em to their fate.

SURE TEST.

Si Hawfoot—Here, what you doin'?

Willie Misser—I'm waiting to see if any farmer goes toward that animal with a milk pail, 'cause that's the way I can tell whether it's a deer or a cow.

A Black Sheep.

Mrs. Highmind—It worries me sick to think how my little boy is growing up without a taste for literature.

Friend—Hasn't he any?

Mrs. Highmind—Not a bit. I bought him a beautifully bound copy of Ruskin's "Seven Lamps to Architecture," and I actually had to whip him to make him read it.

ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

She—Oh, love in a cottage is all well enough in a way, I suppose, but how long could we live on love?

He—As long as it lasted, probably.

They Knew Him.

A well-known literary man, who has been spending several weeks at his old home in Vermont, tells of a conversation which he overheard between two visitors on the porch of the village store. An acquaintance of theirs had just passed in the street, and the following comment was heard by the visitor:

"That goes fer Si Perkins." Then a meditative pause. "Si ain't the man he used to be."

"Naw—an' he never was."

A Spy's Trained Stomach.

Before the Russian spy was shot, the officer who had captured him insisted on a heart-to-heart talk. "You say you have swallowed a number of plans, rather than be caught with them in your possession," he remarked. "Isn't eating paper in such quantities rather hard on the stomach?"

"Oh, no," replied the Russian; "I used to be the official taster in a breakfast food factory."

New vs. Old Ways.

Mrs. Newage—Oh, I am almost tired to death. The New Woman's Club has been in session all day, passing resolutions and drawing up petitions demanding a law regulating the price of bread. Only think! Three dollars' worth of flour costs, when baked into bread, thirteen dollars. It's outrageous! The bakers must be made to feel the power of the law. You should have been at the meeting.

Old Lady—I was too busy.

"What doing?"

"Baking bread."

Approved Prescription.

Sufferer—I have a terrible toothache and want something to cure it.

Friend—Now, you don't need any medicine. I had a toothache yesterday and went home and my loving wife kissed me and so cured me that the pain soon passed away. Why don't you do the same?

Sufferer—I think I will. Is your wife home now?

Easier to Say.

"One of the Vanderbilts has named his new yacht Hard-Boiled Eggs."

"Why so?"

"Because it can't be beat."

"Hm! Why didn't he name it The Broken Drum?"

Why the Japanese Are Fighters.

Patron—Wun Lung, is it true that many of the Japanese have become Christians?

Chinese Laundryman—Me sabe thattee so. See how they fightee. Knockee stuffee out of Russians.

AGENTS WANTED

SALESMEN WANTED.

Agents, merchants, Do men everywhere, start in business for yourself on our capital. We make men's fine clothing to measure and they can sell our perfect fitting, highest class goods at one profit. Your profits are doubled at retail on these high grade goods. You can control entire trade in each our line. Tailor line for up to date styles of cloakings, suitings and trimmings. Now ready for fall and winter trade, great opportunity. Write us. Full particulars, terms and exclusive territory. Experience unnecessary. Address

YOU CAN MAKE BIG MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITY.

American Woolen Mills Co.,

Dept. K

Washington Boulevard and Union Street, CHICAGO

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LEARN to make Mirrors and make big money at home. Parts, Screws, Map Matches, 10c. Parts, 15c.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$35 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce our Poultry Goods. JAVELIN MFG. CO., Dept. X, Freeport, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

STARK TREES best by Test—78 YEARS. We PAY CASH EVERY WEEK. Stark Nursery, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N.Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the Celebrated Morris Patent Self-Threading Ratchet Drawing Reverse. Write for Terms. Morris Cutlery Co., P.O. Box 2, Morris, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DETECTIVE Can you spare part of your time for profitable employment? Write American Detective Ass'n, Indianapolis, Ind.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MEN WANTED $80 a year paid weekly and expenses to travel for reliable house. Permanent position. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. ERA WESTON, LONDON, Canada

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE GOLD WATCH!

warranted 15 years, American movement watch, Gold Plated case, ornamented in Gold Relief. Also one Gent's Solid Gold Filled Watch warranted 20 years, is given FREE to any lady or gentleman selling only 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10 cents each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid; when sold return us the $2 and we will positively send you the watch and a ring, also GOLD LOCKET, Free. 24 DIAMOND CO., Dept. 24 CHICAGO

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure, we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write us today. ROYAL MANUFACTURING, Box 1701, Detroit, Mich.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Agents Wanted

To take orders for our popular line of custom made clothing. No capital required. Big money made by good salesmen. Over $60 in $90 in four days. Write at once for outfit before best territory is taken.

The Warrington W. & W. Mills, Dept 4, Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

GOLD WATCH & RING FREE

Gold Plated Case, fully warranted to wear correct time, given absolutely free to any lady or gent who will sell 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10 cents each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid; when sold return us the $2, and we will positively send you the watch and ring, also GOLD LOCKET, Free. Write for quick work. ERIE MFG. CO., Dept. E 57 CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MAGIC BILL BOOK!

An entertaining and useful article. Can be used as pay ordinary bill book. Sample by mail 25c. AGENTS WANTED. W. C. WATKINS & CO., Box 1505, Pittsburg, Pa.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BIG MAIL FREE!

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agents' Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agents' Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write to-day. Address

AGENTS' DIRECTORY LIST,

INDIANA INDIANA COUNTY, PA.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FOR LOCAL COLOR.

BY EDW. FORREST.

Molly Taylor leaned out over the moss-covered bowlder, and with her willow switch made a desperate lunge at the pond-lily nodding mockingly at her.

She missed it, lost her balance, and with a forlorn shriek fell splashing into the water.

Simultaneously there was a crackling of twigs on the near-by shore and a tall, rather handsome-looking fellow, shabbily attired, bounded out upon the rock a.... with strong arms deftly hauled her up to safety.

Then Miss Molly, for the first time realizing herself in the presence of a man, emitted a shriek even louder than when she went tumbling into the two feet of water below.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss; I'll not bite you. Had I known the water was so shallow I would not have intruded. If you desire an apology, you have it. Good-day."

There was something about the youth that the girl, even in her bewildered condition, had not failed to notice.

"He doesn't look like a real tramp," mused Mollie, as she followed his retreat through the underbrush. "No doubt he meant well by helping me, and I didn't even thank him!"

Then, seized with a sudden inspiration, she hailed him. He made gulty response before her, and she, a pretty blush showing through the tan of her cheeks, condemned an acknowledgement.

He parried it off with a remark of sufficient levity to elicit a laugh from the girl. Then said the latter:

"Pa—pardon me, but are you looking for—work?"

A triumphant gleam shone in his dark eyes as he replied:

"You are correct. I've been trying to secure work on some local duck hay long, but somehow or other the local farmers don't like my looks.

He paused and ruefully surveyed his dilapidated outfit. The girl smiled appreciatively.

"Well," she said, "perhaps I can help you—if you care to look me up."

The stranger nodded assent, and Molly explained that her father was short a man on his farm, and that perhaps he would fill the bill. That is how Jack Conant—as the stranger introduced himself—began his career as choreman on the W. J. Taylor farm.

True, at first he displayed a lamentable ignorance of things agricultural, but his ability to learn readily, his willingness to work, his debonnaire ways, and his superior knowledge of books in general soon ingratiated him into the good graces of the family, and when, with the initial snowfall, all the other help were discharged he alone was retained.

Then ensued the long, dismal winter months, the monotony of which was occasionally broken by such rural diversions as husking bees, candy pulls and barn parties.

To all of these Jack Conant had the pleasure of escorting Molly, and the reluctance of the twain gradually ripened into something more than mere friendship. Village gossips had it that Molly's father was very in love with Taylor's hired man," but neither of the two principals noticed the rumor.

At the farmhouse neither Mr. nor Mrs. Taylor objected to his interest in Molly. On stormy days they would sit in the parlor and Molly would read to him from one of the numerous popular novels.

Usually it was a volume by one James Flanders that she elected to read. According to her, Flanders was the "dearest" writer, and she thought that his books were "just too sweet for anything." Jack Conant did not offer to differ with her.

With the coming of spring, however, Jack's duties became more numerous and he and Molly had but little time to spend together. Jack, too, seemed to be worrying over something, and thought he would retire early, his light burned late.

One afternoon in late spring some anxiety was evinced at the Taylor homestead when, long after the sun had set beyond the western hills, Jack Conant failed to return with the cows for milking.

At length it was decided to send Molly out in quest of him, and she found the missing chore man propped up against a tree, pad and pencil in hand, writing.

She tiptoed stealthily behind him, and leaning against the tree began to read his lines. The first glance brought a flash of red to her cheeks and an exclamation from her lips.

In confusion Conant shoved the foolscap into his pocket and sprang to his feet. Molly drew back, and for an uncomfortable moment the two stood facing each other in silence.

"Well," Conant then said, with assumed indifference, "you have seen it?"

"Yes," very softly.

"You see, my—my—publishers have requested me to get the stuff in by next week if possible. I really have a couple of chapters to complete, and, feeling like writing this afternoon, I secreted myself behind a tree and tried to finish up. I thought you had guessed by now I was not Jack Conant."

"Then—then who are you?" she stammered, trying to look severe.

"James Flanders," replied the other, with a broad smile. "Now—now, Molly, you'll forgive me, won't you? I didn't mean to take you in this way. I just had to. I became up here to get 'local color' for a new story. I was looking for a job when fortunately—so, happily—I met you——"

"And why happily?"

"Happily because by meeting you I have been able to write a far better and stronger story. It is all finished but the last chapter, Molly. Will you make the ending a happy one, dear?"

And Molly Sue declared ever since that it was only to save the story that she said "Yes."

RUBY GORDON'S LOVE;

Or

The Mistakes of a Life-Time.

By LIBBIE SPRAGUE PHILLIPS.

[Copyright, 1904, by the Author.]

Begun in *No.* 25, June 25. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVI.

A look of annoyance also stole over Lawrence's face as Addie explained to him that she had gone round by the village with Darrell; and although he spoke no word, Addie knew that he had deeply vexed because of her friendliness with his enemy.

"Ah! that would be do if he knew Bessie's reckless folly!" she wondered.

Dinner that evening was a picture of in almost complete silence. Bessie had not yet returned, and the shade of annoyance on Lawrence's face deepened into a look of positive anger; later, when the shades of night began to fall and still there was no sign of her coming, it changed to one of anxiety and alarm.

Addie was stricken with a great fear, and filled with a vague, uneasy sensation of something terrible about to happen, she hastily made her way to the Gordon cottage as soon as dinner was over.

Ruby did what she could to reassure her, although an undefinable feeling came over her on hearing of Bessie's prolonged absence.

She has probably told him," Ruby said, "of our having discovered the fact, and he is waiting to bring her home under the shade of night lest we be ashamed to meet with one of us at present."

But Addie still felt uneasy, and after talking over the matter for a day, she hurriedly took her departure, and her uneasiness grew into a feeling of absolute terror as she learned on reaching home that her sister was not there.

Lawrence was in the drawing-room pacing the floor with long, uneven strides. His head was bowed and his face was pale, and was he in thought that he seemed not to hear Addie's entrance. In general even ingratiated him into the good graces of the family, and when, with the initial snowfall, all the other help were discharged he alone was retained.

Then ensued the long, dismal winter months, the monotony of which was occasionally broken by such rural diversions as husking bees, candy pulls and barn parties.

To all of these Jack Conant had the pleasure of escorting Molly, and the reluctance of the twain gradually ripened into something more than mere friendship. Village gossips had it that Molly's father was very in love with Taylor's hired man," but neither of the two principals noticed the rumor.

At the farmhouse neither Mr. nor Mrs. Taylor objected to his interest in Molly. On stormy days they would sit in the parlor and Molly would read to him from one of the numerous popular novels.

Usually it was a volume by one James Flanders that she elected to read. According to her, Flanders was the "dearest" writer, and she thought that his books were "just too sweet for anything." Jack Conant did not offer to differ with her.

With the coming of spring, however, Jack's duties became more numerous and he and Molly had but little time to spend together. Jack, too, seemed to be worrying over something, and thought he would retire early, his light burned late.

One afternoon in late spring some anxiety was evinced at the Taylor homestead when, long after the sun had set beyond the western hills, Jack Conant failed to return with the cows for milking.

At length it was decided to send Molly out in quest of him, and she found the missing chore man propped up against a tree, pad and pencil in hand, writing.

She tiptoed stealthily behind him, and leaning against the tree began to read his lines. The first glance brought a flash of red to her cheeks and an exclamation from her lips.

In confusion Conant shoved the foolscap into his pocket and sprang to his feet. Molly drew back, and for an uncomfortable moment the two stood facing each other in silence.

"Well," Conant then said, with assumed indifference, "you have seen it?"

"Yes," very softly.

"You see, my—my—publishers have requested me to get the stuff in by next week if possible. I really have a couple of chapters to complete, and, feeling like writing this afternoon, I secreted myself behind a tree and tried to finish up. I thought you had guessed by now I was not Jack Conant."

"Then—then who are you?" she stammered, trying to look severe.

"James Flanders," replied the other, with a broad smile. "Now—now, Molly, you'll forgive me, won't you? I didn't mean to take you in this way. I just had to. I came up here to get 'local color' for a new story. I was looking for a job when fortunately—so, happily—I met you——"

"And why happily?"

"Happily because by meeting you I have been able to write a far better and stronger story. It is all finished but the last chapter, Molly. Will you make the ending a happy one, dear?"

And Molly Sue declared ever since that it was only to save the story that she said "Yes."

For a moment Lawrence made no reply, but sat with bent head as though considering what to do. Then he suddenly rang for one of the servants.

"Tell Simpson," he said to the maid who answered the summons, "to saddle my horse and bring it to the door as quickly as possible." Then as the servant withdrew to do his bidding, he turned to Addie, who sat weeping silent tears of heart-broken sorrow, and said:

"I am not blaming you, Addie—you nor Ruby—as you say you thought you were doing all for the best; but, my dear sister, you made a sad mistake. Had I but known this sooner I would have dealt with the boy boss, showing scoundrel as he deserves to be dealt with. Now if we ever recover her I must die!"

Addie sauddered and a new fear crept into her heart. Oh, the cruel, awful misery of it all! How would it end in the morning?

The horse having been brought to the door, Lawrence was quickly mounted and rode away. "He will never find her," Addie thought, as she was assisted herself by the woman. "They are miles away by this time. I shall never see Bessie again!" and during the hours of his absence she sat there, motionless and still, gazing with tear-dimmed eyes at the moonlit scene without.

But her ordeal was busy. She thought of the year just past when she had lived in a paradise of love and hope—a paradise laid into sudden ruin by her own folly. Besides the shame and disgrace which her sister's conduct had brought upon her, she had been cruelly treated by the man to whom she had given her heart, a thousand different ways he had given her to understand that he loved her; he had pursued, and flattered her with many hours of his society, h

that even God himself would expect me to take her back now. And, after all, she is more to be pitied than blamed for what she has done. I was cold and forgetful of her, Darrell was fascinating, deceiving and winning, and back of it all, you, with a full knowledge of his baseness, welcomed and invited him here and thus made it possible for him to lead her from the path of duty and honor! Her sin is great, but we are to blame for—you and I!"

The old man was trembling now in every limb. "Forgive me, Lawrence," he groaned, "I never see the matter that I made—"

"Mistake! Make the word plural, for you surely made a mistake, father; your life has been full of them. Go way back to the beginning of your son's wedded life and consider the mistake that you made when you tried to drive your young wife into obedience to your will instead of seeking to win her to your ways; and then think of the awful mistake that you made when you turned her from your house! Later you made a mistake when you refused to shelter the little child that Providence had directed to your door. You may not realize this now, but some day you will, for I believe—yes, I almost know—that you are the one to whom her dim and dying mother sent her; I believe that she was a relative of your lost wife, and that this accounts for the striking resemblance. Had you but opened your stony heart to that child and taken her into your home, she would have proved a blessing in many ways. But you did not, and, as a direct result—one which you give for not having done so is a mistake both ridiculous and absurd—a mistake that has almost ruined your life. But this is not all. When you plotted and scheming did actually succeed your self in sin to prevent me from making that dear girl my wife, you made a mistake that has ruined my own life also! If you can realize all this, I pity you, for I know what your feelings must be now."

These words fell from Lawrence's lips like living coals, searing all listening to the heart of him who listened. Tears ran down his wrinkled face, and grasping Lawrence's hand he pleaded:

"Can it be possible that what you say is true? Must tell me, Lawrence—these mistakes that have caused so much sorrow and suffering—will they all be brought against me on the judgment day? Will God hold me accountable for all this misery, woe and sin?"

"I believe that He will unless you can, in some measure, before you die, make right the wrongs that you have done."

Lawrence was silent, seeming in a hard, pitiless tone, for the grief and suffering which he had endured had made him bitter and resentful. As he ceased speaking he pressed his lips to the face of his sleeping child and laid it tenderly back upon the pillow; then, turning to his father, he was about to speak when a sob of pain escaped on the old man's face froze the words upon his lips.

His head was thrown back against the chair and his eyes were fixed with a vacant stare upon the ceiling. Lawrence advanced to his side, but with one hand he motioned him back, while with the other he pressed it upon his face. After a while his lips moved and Lawrence caught these words as they were spoken between what seemed to be gasps of pain: "Right the wrongs that I have done!—Sinful neglect!—Ruby!—The mistakes of a lifetime!—Oh, God, have mercy—mercy!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

There was very little sleep at Elmwood that night. Mrs. Reuben Ayres was absolutely insensible to all that was going on around him; Lawrence was filled with a sense of pain of remorse in his heart for his accusing words, sat by the old man's bedside and kept watch as he ravings.

In this state he lay for many days, and Addie's fears of something that she would keep her mind employed, nursed him faithfully. She had loved Darrell, and his piteous calls for her touched the hearts of all who heard him. Sometimes he would imagine that she had returned, and he would beg her forgiveness for having made known to her one so false and unprincipled as Leslie Darrell.

"I must right the wrongs that I have done," he would say. "Lawrence said so. It must all be done before I die. But there is so much—so much, with a whole life of a lifetime."

Lawrence, listening, blamed himself greatly for having, in his own misery, so far forgot himself as to bring an added weight of sorrow to the poor old man whose life had, hitherto, been full enough of remorse and misery.

One day he seemed to be conscious of what he was saying and doing, and in a rational manner, asked Addie many questions concerning poor Bessie.

"We have not heard from her," Addie replied, "but Lawrence has received a letter from a friend of his in New York, saying that he saw them when they were in the city, and that they had gone to Canada. I do not believe that we will ever see Bessie again.

Tears dimmed the old man's eyes, and after a moment's thought he said:

"We will neither judge nor condemn her, Addie. God will do that. He who knows all the sorrows, the longings and the temptations of the human heart. I forgive her as I hope to be forgiven for my own sins, which are many."

Then he turned his head wearily upon the pillow and began to repeat in a rambling way: "As I hope to be forgiven—hope to be forgiven." And Addie, fearing that he were growing delirious again, sought to ease his mind by talking in low, soothing tones as she bent anxiously above him.

He ceased his muttering, but his eyes kept moving uneasily from one object to another, and presently they caught the gleam of a diamond upon her finger. And grasping her hand suddenly he exclaimed:

"Where did you get that ring? Tell me quickly—for God's sake tell me where you found it!"

It was Ruby Gordon's ring. On the day of the picnic she had in some way injured

NOT WHAT SHE INTENDED.

Mrs. —— (to wife of busy city man)—So glad you are coming to us on Thursday. I need hardly say how pleased we shall be to see your husband also, if it is only to fetch you away!

her hand, and as her fingers became somewhat swollen, the ring became uncomfortable and she had placed it upon Addie's finger; and as she had been in such excitement since then that she had forgotten to return it.

Having never heard anything concerning this mysterious ring, she wondered why it had excited him so strangely. But thinking that he probably entertained some delirious notion that he had had before, she told him it was Ruby's, and explained to him how she came to have it.

"Ruby Gordon's ring!" he cried. "Can it be possible! Oh, God of Heaven, how did she get it? Who gave it to her? Who gave it to her?"

Lawrence, looking up into Addie's face in a beseeching way, he said:

"Take it from your finger and let me see it!"

Addie did as he requested, and after he had closely examined the ring, he asked for a penknife. This was also given him, and with it he pressed heavily against the setting; and presently the back of the ring parted, the diamond settled into his hand, and there upon a thin plate of gold was inscribed the name "Hortense."

"Hortense!" he continued, "long, long years! It is the same ring. I know—the very same. She died and took it with her. How and why did she send it back to me?"

Addie was mystified. That the old man did know something of the history of that ring she felt certain. It had evidently been sent to his wife, how did it happen that it now belonged to Ruby Gordon?

This puzzled her greatly, and as the old man was now apparently talking to himself, she knew that his mind was wandering again, this excitement had been too much for him. And she blamed herself for not having returned the ring to Ruby at once and thus done. Besides, he had placed it upon his little finger as though he believed it to be his wife's, how did it happen and she knew not how she was to regain possession of it.

While she was pondering over this, Lawrence entered the room.

Addie had summoned him to his bedside, and, looking up at him with a satisfied smile, she said:

"It is true, Lawrence; the dead do come back to earth—reincarnated spirits. She has come—I know it now, and she brought back our engagement ring. See!" and he held up the band on which the setting of the diamond, "she brought it back and now she has given it to me. It is a token of forgiveness. She has forgiven my cruelty—my mistake. I can now have peace and rest. Years ago, Lawrence, when I was a happy girl, that ring upon her finger, I told her that if, through my folly, it ever left me, it would come to me. It is a token of forgiveness. She has now returned it, even from the spirit world. I am at last forgiven! Oh, what joy—what peace!"

Never had Lawrence seen such a joyous look upon the old man's face. His delusion had at last brought him peace. Lawrence would not have undeceived him if he could have done so.

He seated himself quietly by the bedside, better than a fortune had the satisfaction of seeing him sink into a peaceful slumber. Then he beckoned to Addie, and together they left the room.

Addie was now called upon to explain how the old man came to have Ruby's ring; then he told her all that he knew concerning it.

"I have always thought," Lawrence said, "that Ruby Gordon is his wife's niece, if not a child of her sister to whom she went after he turned her away; and to this sister she probably gave the ring. The sister, I imagine, has been a widow with one child—Ruby. When she became ill and knew that she must die, she sent the child to him and with it sent a message and the ring which had belonged to his wife. The letter containing the message was lost but the ring Ruby has always believed to be her own, and having always worn it, the poor old man has never chanced to see it before. If this be true, perhaps his wife did leave a message of forgiveness to be sent to him with the ring—who knows?"

"But what are we to do, Lawrence? Ruby will expect the ring to be returned to her, of course."

Lawrence thought over this for a moment. "You had better call upon her," he then replied, "and explain to her just what has happened. No doubt but she will consent to let him keep it until he is well. Ask her to do so, and tell her that I now mean to do what I can toward clearing up the mystery. I shall try to discover, if possible, if she is not, as I believe, a relative of the lady who was once his wife. If such be the case, this can be proved to be true, she, and not Darrell, should inherit the wealth."

A deep sigh accompanied these words, and Addie, knowing how unselfish he was, felt that the sigh was for Ruby who had been wickedly defrauded of other rights.

"But I cannot understand why you should think that," she replied. "His wife's name is not Ruby, but a maid of adoption, and surely not dearer, when he loves you as he does, than—"

"That is true; but if he had known when she could Ruby first came to him who she really was, he would have taken her. I am sure, and would have made her his heiress, in place of the one he adopted me. I feel that the wealth that I enjoy—yes, [illegible] God knows—I have by right. [illegible] kind fate has deprived her of the inheritance and the blessings which should be hers. I earnestly hope that I shall yet find a way in which I can give them to her."

Addie, thinking of her sister—poor disgraced, dishonored Bessie—and the tears dimmed her eyes, and he mean that he would obtain a divorce and marry Ruby now?

Lawrence seemed to divine her thoughts, for he said, as he noticed her saddened face:

"I shall not marry Ruby, Addie. Ruby would not marry me even if I obtained a divorce. She does not believe in marriage."

"Then you will not seek a divorce, Lawrence?"

"I am not sure. Darrell might, if I make her free, marry her. This would be better for her, many her. This would be better for her, many her. This would be better for her than that Addie wondered if, after all, he had not cherished a great deal of tenderness in his heart for the poor misguided wife; if, after all, he did not miss and long for her.

"I received a letter this morning from [illegible] mamma," she said, "and they are all hurrying home. I suppose they even want me to reconsider the promise which I have made to stay here for a while with Ruby, and return to them at once."

"Oh, Addie!" and he flashed a startled look upon her. "I cannot let you go—indeed I cannot! No one would love and care for baby as you will. Do not desert poor Bessie's baby, Addie! For God's sake say that you will not!"

"I will not desert the baby," she replied. "I will stay."

Then, as with a sigh of relief he turned away and began to pace the floor with long, rapid strides, as he so often did of late, [illegible] pondered of what he was thinking, and happiness went out of his life long ago; could it be possible that he was never to know even peace again? Did the future hold for him no promises, no hope?

Nobly had he borne his trials. No harsh or censuring word had he spoken of the woman who had brought disgrace upon him. He seemed to possess only one fault, he had not loved her as he should have loved his wife, and that through his cold neglect he had lost her.

But for the man who had tempted and lured her away he felt a bitter hatred, and Addie knew that it was costing him mighty struggle to leave his pure with the fiend, when he said:

"God's commands are [illegible] pray for and forgive those who sin you; but one would have to be saint to forgive such a man as Darrell. I feel that if we ever meet I shall him dead."

Another installment of this highly exciting story will appear in next [illegible] struggle to [illegible] promises of [illegible] are still [illegible] entwined on pages thirteen [illegible]

The Biter Bit.

Fouche, the famous French chief of police was an educated man and remembered it as a lawyer, but developed a natural taste for intrigue which made him a match for Richelieu himself. He rendered such important services to Napoleon that the latter gave him the title of Duke of Otranto. He was one of the influential promoters of the Bourbon restoration of Louis, and afterward plotted the ruin of Robespierre. Little presents a succession of romantic adventures in which he was often successful and often at fault. One of his favorite tools was Vidocq, the notorious Vidocq, chief of the detective police of Paris, who was described as a soldier, a deserter and detective officer.

After the restoration in 1814, among the titled officers of Napoleon who were the most anxious to obtain employment at the court of Louis XVIII., none showed more [illegible] and assiduity than Fouche, Duke of Otranto, who brought all of his resources of intrigue to accomplish his purpose. To this end he finally obtained a private [illegible] few with the king, and professed [illegible] desire to dedicate his life to his service, [illegible]

"You have occupied under Napoleon a situation of importance, and have been given you opportunities of knowing many important things that passed, and of gaining insight into the character of men in public life which could not occur to many [illegible] Now, I wish to be decided with you to my person, I should expect you to first inform me frankly what were the measures and who were the persons whom you employed in those days to obtain your information. I do not shuffle you to stay at Vienna, or at Mittan—I was then surrounded by numerous enemies—and at Hartwell, for instance, were you then well acquainted with what passed under my roof?"

"Yes, sire," replied Fouche; "every day the movements of Your Majesty were duly reported to me."

"Eh? What?—all of my movements?" said the king, with a look of surprise.

"Even so, sire. I was but performing my peculiar duty in spying upon you."

Louis seemed much troubled, and placing his hands behind him, he walked slowly up and down the room, as if trying to think to himself, now and again shaking his head [illegible] and then, stopping with his face upon the floor of the apartment. Presently stopping before Fouche, who stood in silence watching the result of his rapid musings, he said:

"Surrounded as I was at Hartwell by [illegible] friends, who could have [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] said the King, promptly.

"Sire, you have mentioned a name what must wound Your Majesty's heart."

"Speak, sir; it is no novelty for me to find persons of that name around me."

"If you still command it, then I must own, sire, that the Duchess of Angouleme with the Duc d'Aumont, who was my agent."

"What! Was the Duchess possessed my entire confidence?" asked the King.

"Sire, it was De Plesne—"

"Well, I must acknowledge," replied Louis with a malicious smile, "he was very poor; he had many children and living is very dear in England."

"True, Your Majesty."

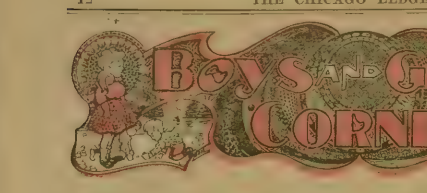
"But still, M. Fouche, it was I who dictated to him those letters which you received every week, and I gave him nine out of the eighteen thousand francs which you regularly remitted in order to obtain an exact account of what was passing in my family."

The astounded Fouche blushed like a woman, but still he was afterward employed by the king.

Their Own.

Mr. Oldboy—Does not this plant belong to the begonia family?

Miss Rox—The begonia family! Certainly not, sir. It is ours and always has been.



The Adventures of Tom Dayton;

OR

The Mystery of Dark Hollow.

By Will Lisenbee.

[Copyright, 1904, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

It was a hot day in July. Patches of glittering sunlight fell on the winding road that led through the forest as the faint breezes stirred the branches into a tremulous murmur.

Tom Dayton, a stout youth of seventeen, who was trudging wearily along the road, came to a halt under the spreading branches of a giant oak, and dropping his dinner-covered valise on the ground, bared his brow to the cooling breeze.

He had walked more than ten miles since getting out on his journey, and his valise began to feel as if it were filled with lead.

The clatter of horses' feet came from ahead, and the next instant a youth of about Tom's own age rounded a bend in the road and came into view. The boy was Harry Hale, and as he rode up he drew rein.

"Hello, Tom!" he cried, glancing at the valise by the roadside. "What does that mean? Not that you are going away?"

"I'm on a mission to seek my fortune," replied Tom, smiling faintly.

"Why, what's the trouble? I thought you were going to college this fall."

"So did I, but I have had to change my plans. I must work for my living now."

"Are you joking?"

"By no means. I wish I were.

"Why, I thought your father left you quite a fortune," said Harry.

"I thought so, too," replied Tom, "and I have no doubt my father believed this when he had left me well provided for. It turns out, however, that I am penniless."

"That is too bad. How did it happen, anyway? Every one supposed your father was worth thirty thousand dollars at least."

"I guess he was worth even that much at the time of his death, but it seems that most of his investments have turned out badly. He had a large number of shares in some Western mining enterprises, and just lately the bottom fell out of the concern and his shares are not worth the paper they are printed on. I was over to Burton and talked with my father's lawyers yesterday. They had just got his affairs settled up and it took everything. There was not a penny left. I could not stay in Millville and go in debt for my board. There is nothing for a fellow to do in a small village like that, and so I thought I had better get out and seek my fortune elsewhere."

"I'm sorry to see you go away like this, Tom," said Harry, regretfully. "We shall all miss you. It is too bad. You finished at the academy with such high honors, and just as you were ready to enter college you have to strike out to make your living."

"It might be worse," replied Tom philosophically. "There are few things in my way. I am able to work, and so I shan't starve."

"What do you expect to do?"

"I have not decided yet, as I shall probably have to take what I can get," said Tom with a smile. "Unfortunately, my education is not just yet of that practical character to enable me to earn a very large salary. I am not up enough in my Latin and logarithms to suit me, and I may have some difficulty in finding a person who wants to engage the services of a right tackle."

Harry laughed softly.

"You could surely fill the position if one should need your services," he said. "But, really, what sort of work do you expect to find?"

"I may get work on a farm somewhere, and then I may push on to where my uncle Dick Henderson lives."

"Oh, then you have an uncle living?"

"I suppose so. He was the last time we heard from him, which was about five years ago. He is my mother's eldest brother, and is an old bachelor and lives all alone up in the mountains, a mile or so from Rockville.

"Rockville? Why, that is more than fifty miles from here!"

"Something near that, I guess."

"You are not going to walk?"

"I may strike something on the way. I may not go to my uncle's at all. He is a rather odd sort of character, I understand—I never saw him as far as I can remember—and cannot say how I should like it there, or how he would like me. The last letter he wrote to my father contained some reference to myself. He took my father to task for speculating as he did—for Uncle Dick was always very conservative in the matter of investing his money—and hinted that he would probably have to provide for me if my father kept on in his reckless way. Whether or not he really meant anything of the kind I don't know. It might have been meant merely to pique my father. Anyway, I am not setting any store by it, though it can do no harm to go and see my uncle."

"You should go, by all means," replied Harry. "I should were I in your place. Has your uncle any other living relatives?"

"None that I ever heard of," replied Tom. "Is he well off?"

"I have always understood that he is."

"Then it is probable that he will do something for you, I know, Tom, that you are not the sort to be a leech, but I want to sit down and wait for a dead man's shoes, as the saying goes, but it might be a pleasure for your uncle to have the chance to help you, as you are his only living relative. Go and see him, by all means. Have you any money?"

"I think I have about eighty-five cents," replied Tom with a smile.

"Then you will need something more. I have a little with me, and you must let me loan you a five. It is not convenient to be out on the road with only eighty-five cents in your pocket."

He handed Tom a five-dollar bill as he spoke.

"I don't like to take it," protested Tom.

"But you must," insisted Harry. "I should feel very much hurt if you got away with only a few cents in your pocket."

"It's mighty good of you," said Tom, putting the bill carefully aside, "and I shall repay you as soon as I get to work."

"Don't let me hear you," replied Harry. "You had better go over to the Hillman farm and see if you can get the news that way about three this evening."

"I think I will," said Tom, "as I want to be on the lookout for a job on the way."

He picked up his valise.

"I must be going," he said. "Good-by, Harry."

"Good-by, Tom. I'm awful sorry to see you go. Don't fail to drop me a line now and then."

"I shan't. I shall not forget you."

He fell into a brisk pace as he walked on. A half mile further on he came to a spring by the roadside, where he took a drink and washed the dust from his face and hands. Then he took some sandwiches from his pocket and ate them, sitting on the grassy bank by the spring.

After he had finished his lunch and rested for a half-hour he resumed his journey.

It seemed strange to him that he, who had thought himself in comfortable circumstances a few days ago, should now be thrust out into the world without a home. The very house in which he was born had been sold with all the property to pay his father's debts, and now he must go out alone to battle for the world and seek his fortune.

But he was not a very inspiring thought, yet Tom was not the sort of a boy to be cast down by it. Excellent health and a naturally cheerful disposition kept him from toward smoothing the wrinkles out of the rough side of destiny.

"If I could have finished my education before I went out," he mused, "it might have stood a better chance of success. As it is, I must begin a little closer to the bottom."

About 4 o'clock Tom stopped in a shade of a tree by the roadside as he was tired and oppressed by the heat, and using his valise for a pillow, he stretched himself on the cool grass.

As he let his eyes wander along the winding road he espied the solitary figure of a man approaching. It needed no second glance to tell Tom that the fellow was a tramp.

He was a man of perhaps forty. His clothes were of the most ragged sort of scarecrow, and his face wore that look of sullen viciousness that is common to the professional tramp.

Tom had barely noticed the approaching tramp when he heard the sound of a wagon coming up the road. The tramp stopped, listened for a moment, then, as the wagon hove in sight, he picked up a heavy stick that lay by the roadside and slipped quickly into a plum thicket.

The act convinced Tom that the fellow was up to some mischief. He might be bent on robbing the driver of the wagon.

Tom arose, and, standing in the edge of a clump of bushes, watched the figure of the man crouching in the plum thicket. Tom knew that the tramp was not aware of his presence, and he was resolved not to reveal himself till he learned just what the fellow was up to.

CHAPTER II.

Presently a farm wagon came into view. A man of some fifty years was sitting on the seat. In the wagon were a number of empty chicken coops. Tom saw all this at a glance, and he rightly surmised that the farmer was returning from town where he had been to dispose of some poultry.

As the wagon approached the plum thicket the tramp suddenly made his appearance in the road, and, flourishing his club, ordered the farmer to stop.

"I'll just trouble ye ter hand over the stuff ye got fer them chickens!" he cried, leaping to the side of the wagon and menacing the driver with his club. "I don't want no foolin'. I'm in a hurry."

"What does this mean?" cried the farmer, evidently greatly alarmed.

"I mean to have that money," replied the tramp. "Out with it before I hat fer knock ye in the head."

"This is highway robbery!" cried the farmer.

"I can't help it," replied the tramp. "The world owes me a living, an' I'm goin' ter have it. Perk over, old man, or I'll hat fer paste ye one with this stick."

As he spoke he leaned forward and flourished the murderous club close to his victim's head.

At this juncture a lithe figure sprang from the bushes at the edge of the road, and the next instant a stout stick in the hands of Tom Dayton struck the tramp on the back of the head and sent him rolling into a gully. As he fell the stick dropped from his hand.

"You had better not try that sort of game again," said Tom warningly.

The tramp gave Tom one look again in an instant, and, seizing the club that had fallen from his hand, stood in a threatening attitude.

"Say, ye kind I'm afraid of a boy, do ye?" panted the tramp, ripping out an oath. "Do I look like a boy? I'm good enough fer ye!"

"You'll get hurt if you don't take yourself off," warned Tom.

"I'm goin' ter beat ye in an inch of yer life!" went on the tramp, flourishing the club.

"I guess not!" cried the farmer. "I think you'd have a pair of us to deal with, you rogue!"

He leaped from the wagon as he spoke, and, seizing a stick, he stepped quickly to Tom's side.

The tramp had evidently supposed that he had frightened the farmer into a passive state, but when he saw him showed signs of giving him battle, he quickly saw that his little game was up. Seeing this, he was not slow to act.

"I'll get even with ye, youngster, fer this," he cried, casting a vengeful glance at Tom, and then, turning, he slipped into the brush and ran swiftly out of sight.

"We ought to have captured him," said Tom.

"That's right," nodded the farmer, "but it would take an army to find him once he got hidden in the brush down in the valley. I guess he is not likely to give us any more trouble."

"I hardly think he will," said Tom.

"You are a brave boy," went on the farmer, looking at Tom and holding out his hand to him. "You probably saved my life. The fellow has committed murder, I cannot tell you how grateful I am."

He stood looking at the boy with admiration.

"Don't mention it," smiled Tom. "It was fortunate that I came on hand to break into that fellow's game."

"It was lucky for me that you happened along just at the proper time. My name is Larkin—Abram Larkin, and I live a half-mile further on. Come on home with me. Might I ask your name?"

"Certainly," replied Tom, giving his name. "I am glad to meet you, Mr. Larkin."

"And I'm mighty glad I met you," returned the farmer. "Do you live near here?"

"I have been living at Millville," said Tom.

"Then you are not living there now?"

"No, sir. I have no home at present."

"Are you no parents?"

"They are dead," replied Tom sadly, "and I am just starting out into the world to seek my fortune."

"I hope you will succeed. I suppose you have been brought up to go into some kind of business?"

"Not exactly. I have nothing," replied Tom. "I must work for my living."

"Well, well," said the farmer, "you don't look as if you had ever worked much."

"I haven't, but I shall have to make up for lost time now. When my father died I thought he had left quite a fortune, but it turns out that through some reverses in business everything was lost, so I must now go to work."

"I am glad to see you take the matter so cheerfully," said the farmer. "You will look for a position in the city, I suppose?"

"I understand that the cities are crowded with men idle looking for positions, and I shall look for something to do in the country."

"You talk with more sense than most boys of your age. You are sure to succeed. But you must come home with me. I want the rest of my family to meet you. I think I can find something for you to do—some thing that will not be too hard on you to start with."

"You are very kind," replied Tom. "If you can give me something to do I shall do my best to please you."

"I shall have no fear on that score," replied Mr. Larkin. "I like your manner and disposition. Besides, you have done me a great favor—saved my life, probably, as well as the loss of a hundred dollars which I brought from the bank to pay my hands. I think it is but fair that you should have half the money," and as he spoke he counted out fifty dollars and handed to Tom.

"Why, I couldn't think of accepting it," protested Tom, refusing to take the money. "It is very kind of you to offer it."

"The whole hundred dollars would have been lost but for your timely help," said Mr. Larkin, "and I feel that it is no more than right that you should have a part of it."

"I should not feel right if I accepted it, replied Tom. "I am glad for what I did in the knowledge that I was of some service to you and frustrated the designs of the rogue."

"Well, you are an odd boy," declared Mr. Larkin. "Most boys would have jumped at the chance of getting fifty dollars. But you must let me make you a present of this five-dollar gold piece," went on the farmer, taking a coin from his pocket and pressing it into Tom's hand, "and if you refuse I shall be offended."

"When I shall accept," laughed Tom, "I thank you very much. I don't want to quarrel with the first friend I find after starting out for myself."

"A wise decision," said Mr. Larkin with a laugh. "Now let's get into the wagon and be off. Have you any luggage with you?"

"Only a valise by the roadside yonder," replied Tom, pointing to the tree that was his landmark. "I will get it as I am traveling light of baggage, as I am afoot."

Into Tom's hand, "and if you refuse," smiles Mr. Larkin.

Tom brought his grip and put it in the wagon, and mounting the seat beside the farmer, they drove away.

"I like farming—especially in the summer," said Tom, letting his gaze wander over the fields of waving grain. He also skirted the road, "though most of my life has been spent in town."

"I was born and raised in the country," said Mr. Larkin, "and I would not have it to do with myself in town. When I was a boy I worked for six dollars a month and board, and I guess I have just about changed since then. I pay my hayers two dollars a day and board, and sometimes even more than that. Few of my boys have picked more than a hundred pounds of picking by the box, and some of the best make three. The blackberry season is just coming on, and I expect to have a good crop to work tomorrow."

"How many pickers do you employ?"

"About twenty to start with. I shall probably get a few more, but I don't look before the season is over."

"You must have a large patch."

"Not as large as some others in the neighborhood. I have about ten acres in blackberries, but I do not depend altogether on small fruit. I raise a good deal of wheat and corn each year, and have a large herd of stacking. I pay my hands off this evening. Some of them will remain and pick berries. My wife and her sister look after the chickens, and, taking everything into consideration, I manage to make quite a nice farm to keep us busy."

"I should think so," said Tom. "You must have a large farm."

"About three hundred acres in cultivation and about half that in woods pasture. I have all the land I need."

Tom and the farmer turned into a byroad and soon arrived at the Larkin farm house. It was a large, two-story house, with wide porches on three sides, looking cool, and inviting with its many shady nooks.

The farmer introduced Tom to Mrs. Larkin, a boy of near Tom's age, and two girls, one about fifteen and the other seventeen. The boy's name was Frank, the elder girl Fanny, and her name was Ruth.

Mrs. Larkin was a kindly-faced woman of forty, and she took Tom's hand and gave him a very warm welcome, while Mr. Larkin warmly praised his youthful guest for his bravery in the affair with the tramp, and adventure with the tramp.

The members of the family fixed admiring glances on the face of Tom as the farmer went on with his story, and there was no doubt but that Tom was a hero in their eyes. Tom was a modest youth, and he colored under the glances that were cast on him, and could do so, turned the conversation into a different channel.

CHAPTER III.

Tom Dayton thought the family very pleasant, indeed, and he felt himself lucky that he had met the farmer.

They had supper on the lawn—and an excellent supper it was, and, as might have been expected, Tom did ample justice to it for he had eaten nothing but the lunch he brought in his pocket since early morning.

The farmer's home was commodious, very spacious and well shaded. Hammocks were stretched in the shade, and the air of comfort about the place denoted a careful attention to detail. This struck Tom as it differed widely from some other farmers' homes Tom had visited. He also noticed that there

$5.95 ELGIN
ALLEN & CO.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

was but one hired hand, and an old negro woman who did the cooking.

"I have found out long ago that it is a life of drudgery for the women folks on a farm to have the house full of hired help," explained Mr. Larkin, "so I built a good, comfortable house, as large as the one I live in, for the accommodation of my hands. There they board and find lodging. Usually one of my hands who is married takes charge of the house and boards and lodges the others. It is an arrangement that relieves much of the stress of farm life and makes it more pleasant for all concerned. Fill a farmhouse with workhands—especially through harvest—and there is that continual rush and hurry that destroys one of the chance for rest. 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy' is an old saying, and I think it will apply to men and women as well as to boys."

Tom could not help thinking that the farmer's plan was an excellent one, for he had rarely seen a family more happy and cheerful than the Larkins.

After supper Frank and Fanny invited Tom to accompany them for a row on a small lake a short distance from the farmhouse. There was a neat little boathouse on the shore of the lake, containing two excellent boats, the larger of which was brought out for use. Tom was given the oars, while Fanny took the rudder. They spent an hour very pleasantly gliding over the smooth surface of the lake, and putting into many little bays and shady nooks.

"You seem to be at home on the water," commented Frank.

"We had a boating club at the academy at Millville," replied Tom, "and so we got a great deal of practice. You have been to Millville?"

"Oh, yes," replied Fanny. "Frank and I went there about a year ago with father, but as we do all our trading at Tipton, we hardly ever have occasion to go to any other town."

"Millville is not a very large place," replied Tom, "and there is not much business of a different character. I suppose you have never worked on a farm?"

"No, sir, though I used to do considerable work in the garden at home. My father always raised his own vegetables, and was very fond of having things growing about the place. His early life was spent on a farm."

"I suppose I'd be that way myself if I should move to town. One who has lived on a farm in his youth rarely gets over having a pleasure in seeing things growing. Wasn't your father in the stock business a few years ago?"

"Yes, for a while."

"His name was Richard Dayton?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I remember him very well. He was in this neighborhood once gathering up some shorthorns, and he stopped with me all night. He was a most pleasant gentleman, and now that I come to think of it, I can see that you resemble him."

"Oh, I thank you for the compliment," said Tom. "My father had many friends, and no enemies so far as I know."

"Have you any living relatives?"

"An uncle, but I have not heard from him for some time. He is an old character, a recluse, and lives the life of a hermit—that is, if he be still living."

"Has he no family?"

"No, sir. He never married, and he and my mother were the last of the family. He once wrote as if he expected to provide for me in case I needed his assistance, but I don't know that he was really in earnest."

"He probably meant what he said. Is he well off?"

"I think so."

"A horse! a horse!"

done there, the academy being about all there is to attract any one."

They returned to the house just before sunset, and that night Tom and Frank slept in a pavilion on the lawn, though the spare bedroom was placed at Tom's disposal.

"I shall much prefer sleeping in the tent with you," he said to Frank. "It is so delightfully cool and refreshing out here."

The next morning after breakfast Mr. Larkin said to Tom:

"I guess you had better just stay as our guest today, which will give me a chance to show you around over the farm, and in the meantime I'll find something for you to do later."

Tom spent a very pleasant day. Mr. Larkin took him all over the farm and showed him his stock, his crops, orchard and berry patches.

The berry pickers were camped in a grove near a small stream, and at the edge of the patch was a long shed where the berries were brought by the pickers and placed in crates ready for shipment.

Frank stood at the shed with book and pencil and kept account of all berries picked, keeping each picker's account separate and checking off the boxes as they were brought in.

"I expect to put Frank to hauling the berries to town soon now," said Mr. Larkin, as he and Tom seated themselves on a bench in the shed, "and if you desire, you can have the job of keeping the accounts of the berry pickers. It is light work, and I shall see that the pay is satisfactory. What do you say?"

"Why, I shall be very grateful for the job," replied Tom. "This will be much lighter work than I expected to get."

"Then you can go to work in the morning," said the farmer. "You will not find the work hard. At the end of the week I may have another job for you, something

"Why don't you go and see him?"

"I have thought of doing so."

"Have you heard from him since your father died?"

"No, sir. I never saw him in my life, as far as I can remember. For some reason which I cannot explain he never visited us."

"If I were you I should go and see him."

"I think I shall!"

"Do, by all means. Does he live near here?"

"At Rockville, a little village some sixty miles from here. That is, he lives in the country near the village."

"Rockville? Why, now, that is an odd coincidence," exclaimed Mr. Larkin.

"How is that?" asked Tom in surprise.

"I was just thinking of sending you there to look after some business for me."

"Is it possible? That's lucky."

"It is, indeed—more than you think," replied Mr. Larkin. "When I spoke of having another job for you a moment ago, I had reference to this. You have never been in Rockville?"

"No, sir."

"You do not know any one living there?"

"No, sir."

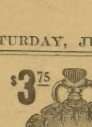
"That is all the better. It will probably give you a better opportunity to do what I want you to do. It is something that may require some detective work, something that I cannot very well do myself, as you will understand when I explain the nature of the business. There is only one way by which it can be accomplished, and that is by keeping the matter strictly secret from every one."

"I am quite sure I could do that," said Tom."

"No doubt of it. I have already seen enough of you to know that you are to be trusted, and that you are not lacking in the right kind of courage. But here comes Mr. Herrington, and I must see him. We

$3.75 THIS 20 Year GUARANTEED WATCH for $3.75

A handsome offer by America's greatest mail order watch house, the old established and reliable R. E. Chalmers & Co. The value of this great watch will surprise you. Read carefully.



LADIES OR GENTS SIZE

This fine, handsomest and most perfect genuine American 16 karat gold plated watch ever offered for sale at any price. Double hunting case, beautifully engraved, guaranteed perfect timekeeper. Fitted with the very latest improved stem wind and stem set movement on the market, stem wind and stem set, making it impossible to get out of order. Guaranteed for 20 Years. Handsomely hand engraved Dueber watch case with Ladies' size watch and handsome double hunting case, Gents' size watch. Either style sent for the same price. Positively the greatest watch offer ever made for the face of the earth.

SEEING IS BELIEVING. Send us the coupon below with correct name and address and we will send the watch and chain complete to your express office for examination. You examine same at express office and if you think it a bargain and equal to watches you have paid $15.00 and express charges for, pay express agent our bargain price $3.75 and express charges and watch is yours. If you can buy a better watch anywhere else for the money after you get a "Ladies' or Gentleman's" Watch, we have it to both sizes, and order is returned, your money will positively be refunded again. Address as above.

R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 356 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A BIG SILK OFFER.

We have made a contract for several tons of fine silk remnants and will give them away FREE to every WOMAN'S WORLD reader. They are all pure silk—large pieces, all the colors of the rainbow; just the right material to make fancy quilts, silk, satin, chair cushions, pin cushions, etc. WOMAN'S WORLD is a large magazine, profusely illustrated in colors. It has a lot of information and departments, dramatic news, fashions, fancy work, cooking, doll dress, young folks' department, stories by prominent writers. WOMAN'S WORLD is better than a great many dollar magazines. To introduce our magazine to thousands of new subscribers we will send you a special trial offer—send only 10 cents and we will send you WOMAN'S WORLD five months and also a large lot of those fine silk remnants, postpaid. Send 20 cents and we will send WOMAN'S WORLD one year and 2 lots of silk. Our magazine will astonish you—and the silk will surely please you. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back right away. Write today. WOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. 26 CHICAGO, ILL.

A BEAUTIFUL RING FREE

IF YOU CAN MAKE OUT THIS PUZZLE

15	21	18			
7	18	5	1	20	
16	21	26	26	12	5
15	6	5	18		

If you can answer this interesting four-word puzzle we will send you Free a Beautiful Simulation Pearl Ring. Each one of the four lines of figures spells one word, and the four words make a sentence. There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet, and we have used figures in spelling the four words instead of letters. Letter A is No. 1, B No. 2, C No. 3, etc., throughout the entire alphabet. If you are smart you can answer this interesting puzzle. Be sure and send a slip of paper showing size of ring you wish. When you send us your answer inclose a 2c. stamp to pay postage for the delivery of the Ring. We know that this Beautiful Simulation Pearl Ring will delight you, so send your solution to the puzzle promptly, and we will send immediately, by return mail, send you this pretty Ring. Address THE ROBINSON PUBLISHING CO., Ring Dept., 22 North William Street, New York City.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

CAMPAIGN YEAR!

ALL THE BEST

BANDS

Are equipping themselves with Lyon & Healy Instruments, Drums and Uniforms

40 Years the World's Standard

Further ahead of competition today than ever! New Models! New Styles! New Prices! New Terms!

Send for New Big Catalogue and Copy of The New Band Herald FREE.

LYON & HEALY 3 Adams St., Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

To Ledger Readers.

Thousands of persons seeing The CHICAGO LEDGER are anxious to receive it regularly and we are making a very liberal offer. The annual subscription to the Weekly CHICAGO LEDGER is $1.00, and everyone who sends in $1.00 within the next 30 days for a year's subscription will receive FREE a KING CAMERA with Complete Outfit for developing and printing pictures, including Developer Paper, Trays, Plates and all necessary Chemicals. We send the CAMERA FREE and prepay charges on it.

Remember you get The LEDGER for a year for $1.00. This is 52 weeks. THE CAMERA IS FREE. This is a magnificent offer, allowing you to get all the fine Continued Stories. The offer is good for 30 days from date of this paper.

The CHICAGO LEDGER is distinctly in the line of Progress. As a purveyor of Romance and Entertaining Literature it has no superior. No other American Story Paper illustrates its matter so profusely or with such care. Each other periodical devoted to fiction and humor goes to the expense of using color work generally in its pages, as is done in THE LEDGER. Improvement is manifest in the quality of the stories published, and this improvement will continue. The new form of the LEDGER, sixteen pages instead of eight, makes it convenient to preserve the fascinating novels which appear in its pages, both for yourself and your friends. By sending us $1.00 you get the LEDGER for one year and the KING CAMERA, which is a first-class CAMERA IN ALL RESPECTS. It takes pictures 2 inches by 2 inches in size and is complete and ready for use. Embrace this splendid opportunity at once while the offer is open. Address,

CHICAGO LEDGER, BOYCE BUILDING, CHICAGO

will talk this matter over this evening," and Mr. Larkin got up and went to meet a man who had just driven up to the shed in a buggy, leaving Tom to wonder what the mysterious business at Rockville would prove to be.

The reader will find in next week's issue of the Ledger further chapters of this highly interesting story. Cameras and patterns are still being given free to subscribers. See pages thirteen and fifteen.

"Speak, fairest of de fair! Tell me dat yer lovin' me!"

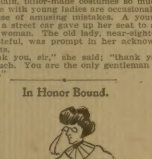
"Oh, Percy! Watt till I go home an' look in de book. I can't answer such a swell proposal out of me own head."

Grateful.

The plain, tailor-made costumes so much in vogue with young ladies are occasionally the cause of amusing mistakes. A young lady in a street car gave up her seat to an elderly woman. The old lady, near-sighted but grateful, was prompt in her acknowledgments.

"Thank you, sir," she said; "thank you very much. You are the only gentleman in the car."

In Honor Bound.



Mother—Why, Johnny, you have been fighting again!

Johnny—I couldn't help it. The last time I licked Tommy Smith I promised to give him another chance.

Mister River.

Sing, Mister River, ter de sea—
Go 'long yo' way so fas';
I wish you'd hold my sweetheart's face,
Hence you her lookin'-glass!
You know des' w'en she gwine by—
De birds, dey singin' free;
I wish you earned ter tell me all
My sweetheart think or me!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Meant Well.

Sister Jane—Obed, you must wash your hands before dinner today, otherwise you'll take away the new boarder's appetite.

Obed—Aw! I thought that was what maw wanted.

RONDEAU.

Her gentle touch! I seem to feel its thrill
As when at first it beat me to her will;
A slight, quick pressure of that soft, white hand,
And I was willing slave to her command.
And, O, that sway she exercised with skill!

No space of time the warmth can ever chill
Of that remembrance. Love is hard to kill,
I still can feel her gracious presence and
Her gentle touch.

But I'm aware my manner is not blind.
Nor would I have he if my heart leaped scanned
A ninety-dollar millinery bill—
The very thought of paying makes me ill;
But, as we're married I'm obliged to stand
Her gentle touch.

"For Mother's Sake."

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"I'm done with him. I've said so, and I'll stand to it. He's disgraced himself and my good name, and I wash my hands of him now and forever."

Mrs. Arnold stood in the cottage doorway, the sweet, blue, spring-time of springtime all about her, and listened to her husband's angry words.

"Oh, James!" she entreated, "remember, he is our son."

"I shall make it my business to forget it from this hour; he is no son of mine!"

"But, James, James, consider! What the end may be! What if they send him to the State prison!"

"Let him go—he deserves it."

The angry father strode away, a hard, relentless look upon his face.

The mother stood there in the early sunshine, her poor face white with anguish, her hands clutched hard together.

She could see the village spires from the cottage porch, and in the village prison her only son lay.

The trouble had come about in this way:

Dick Arnold was confidential clerk in the hardware house of Selby & Co., at a fine salary. A promising young fellow was Dick, bright, intelligent, and as shrewd as a veteran in business matters as he was genial and winning in his social relations. But his character had its weak points. To the first place, he was fond of strong drink: in the second, he had not the courage to say "no" when temptations assailed him.

Many a scrape poor Dick was lured into, many a heartache he caused his fond mother, many a reprimand he got from his over-severe father; but he did not mend his ways.

Nevertheless, his employers were fond of him, and trusted him, and winked at his shortcomings.

He's a fine fellow; he'll get his wild oats in and do better after a while," they said.

One afternoon Dick was summoned into Mr. Robinson's private office.

"Here, Dick," said that gentleman, putting a sealed envelope into the young man's hands, "I want you to take this and deliver it to Mr. Selby, in Covington. You know the place?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Very well, mind you keep steady on your legs, my boy, and deliver it safely."

Dick put the envelope in his breast pocket, bowed himself out, and was descending on his way to Covington in the next train.

He reached the little town just before nightfall, and, feeling somewhat tired and dusty, he dropped in at a drumshop for a drink. An inn, if there were no such places, how much misery, and sin, and shame would be banished from the world! But they meet us at every turn, these devil's dens, wherein men are despoiled of their earnings and their souls.

Dick went in, and stumbled among some three or four old cronies, who hailed him and welcomed him with uproarious delight.

"Why, Dick, old fellow, haven't seen you for an age! Well met, 'pon my soul! Here, landlord, brandy and seltzer for four, and be spry at it."

The brandy and seltzer appeared and vanished. Again and again it was replaced, and then came more grog to wash it all down.

By sunset poor Dick's head was in a fine whirl. When darkness fell his errand was still neglected, and he sat in the little bar parlor, boasting to his fellow companions played cards, a hot bloom in his cheeks, an insane sparkle in his handsome eyes.

"Come up, Dick, and try your luck."

"Don't care if I do," said Dick, and at it he went.

His own purse was soon emptied, and then he never could recall how it all happened, but insane from drink and determined to retrieve his losses, he ventured to open the sealed envelope and to borrow a stake from the funds intrusted to him by his employer.

"I'll soon double it," he thought, "and then I'll replace the amount."

But he lost instead of doubling, and then swallowed more brandy in his excitement, and at the invitation of his good friends.

The end was that they made a night of it, and when the morning dawned poor Dick found himself alone, forsaken by his friends, and the sealed envelope and its contents gone.

The shock sobered him. He got up, and with his head beating like a trip-hammer, walked back to his native village, and, seeking his employer, confessed all that had happened. Mr. Robinson was greatly provoked, and at once put the matter into the hands of the law, and Dick Arnold was arrested and sent to prison.

When the news came to his father's ears he refused to give his son either aid or countenance.

"I'm done with him. Let them send him to the State prison; he deserves it."

But the mother, her faithful heart going out in yearning pity for her erring boy, stood and pondered how she might save him.

In a little while she turned, and, entering the pleasant cottage, went slowly upstairs and into the chamber, where her daughter Rose sat sewing on her bridal robes.

Sitting down beside her, she told the story of her brother's trouble.

Rose understood her mother's meaning even before she could put it into words. There was a little box on the table, which contained her marriage dowry. Little by little the father and mother had hoarded it in their only daughter's name, that she might not be downless on her wedding day.

Pretty Rose took the box and put it in her mother's hand.

"Take it, mother," she said, "and do with it as you think best."

"Heaven bless you, my daughter, but it is hard to deprive you of your marriage dowry, and your wedding day so near."

Rose's fair cheeks bloomed like her namesakes in the little garden below, and her blue eyes lit.

"Never mind that, mother," she said. "Charlie will be willing to take me without the dowry—I am sure of it."

So Mrs. Arnold took the box and went her way. Before the day ended she had refunded the money to Mr. Robinson, the charge was withdrawn, and her boy was out of prison.

"I can't go home, mother. Father doesn't want me; he told me so," said Dick, as they stood under the green locust trees beyond the cottage lawn. "Let me go out into the world and work my way up, and then I'll come back."

She put her arms about his neck, and locked up at him with streaming eyes.

"Oh, Dick, my boy, my darling, you will do better—you will, Dick, for mother's sake?"

"Yes, mother, God being my helper, I will. I've caused you so much trouble, and you've always been good and gentle to me, mother. Forgive me now; I'll come back and be a comfort to you then."

"My boy, I forgive you, and I believe in you. Here, I will put the box in your hand, and my own little Bible from her bosom, "take these. You may need the money; the Bible will make you remember, Dick, not to forget that. Mother has read in it every day and night for thirty years, my boy. You'll think of that, Dick, and you'll read it—for mother's sake?"

"I promise, mother."

"Every night, Dick, no matter where you may be, you will read and get down on your knees and pray, the little prayer mother taught you, 'Forgive me, O Lord, forgive me, Dick. Every night at 10 o'clock, at that hour I shall be on my knees praying for you, my boy, and never miss a night, Dick, while I live; promise me you won't, Dick. Promise me that, for mother's sake."

Dick tried to promise, but he let his handsome head drop down on his mother's bosom instead, and there like a child.

As the sun set they parted.

"Good-by, my boy, and God bless you. You'll heed mother's counsel, for mother's sake?"

"Yes, mother, with God's help. Good-by!"

Across the fields, with the little Bible in his bosom and his bundle in his hand, went poor, erring Dick, and down the pathway Mrs. Arnold returned to the cottage.

"I've said good-by to my boy," she said. "My prayers shall prevail with God for him. He will return in time to be the comfort of our old age."

But her husband, bitter and remorseful of heart, laughed her to scorn.

Month followed month: summers came and went; harvests were gathered and garnered in; winters heaped their white snows, and spring came and melted them.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Arnold, busy with her daily tasks, kept the house.

Pretty, doveless Rose had married and gone to live in a happy home of her own, and Charlie and she were the sole master of the cottage, enfeebled and made helpless by rheumatism, and reproached of his harsh severity to his only son.

"If I had dealt kindly with him he might have done better," he said in his remorse; "but I drove him from beneath my roof with reproaches, and he died a felon's or an outlaw's end, I suppose."

The years brought peace, but every night at the appointed hour she knelt down and prayed for her wandering boy.

Just about that time the whole country was ringing with the renown of a young reformer—a man of wealth and genius, who was spending the best days of his manhood in the good of his fellow men. His eloquence, it was said, was irresistible, and thousands of erring sinners were falling into line, and were followed the Master of old.

It came at last that this wonderful man would deliver a lecture in the village. Far-reaching was the fame of the orator who was on tiptoe. On the appointed night Mrs. Arnold went with the rest.

The speaker took the stand and announced the subject of his discourse. It was:

"For Mother's Sake!"

The poor mother, her heart yearning for her absent son, looked on and listened, blinded by swift-flowing tears. One could scarcely see the tall form of the handsome speaker, but his words thrilled her heart through and through.

The audience sat spellbound, breathless, until the lecturer drew near the close of his remarks.

"For mother's sake," he said. "That one little sentence has made me what I am. Five years ago, on just such a night as this, one of prisoners left his cell over Covington. My mother's love saved me from the consequences of my crime, and stopped youthful folly, and when I parted from her under the old locust tree out there in the lane, I promised to be a better man—'for mother's sake!' I wonder if my mother is here and hears my voice tonight!"

"Oh, thank God, my boy! my boy!"

In another minute he had her in his strong arms, her gray head pillowed on his breast.

He looked up, pale with yearning, wondering eyes.

"Oh, no, I do not mistake—you are my son! Oh, Dick!"

He held her closely, tears streaming like rain over his bearded face.

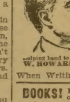
"Your own boy, mother. God has made him what he is, 'for mother's sake.'"

Japanese Residences.

The houses of the Japanese are constructed with a view of protection in case of an earthquake. It is well known that earthquakes are frequent in Japan; therefore, the Japanese house is light and flat, and never by any chance more than two stories. From the outside it is an uninviting-looking barn, inside it is a spotless doll's house magnified—all wood, and wicker, and white paper. Its entrance hall is a sort of platform, raised some two feet above the ground, and here it is etiquette for the foreigner to leave his boots, as the Japanese leave their sandals. Then a screen door slides back, and he is in, sometimes one room, sometimes eight or ten. They have all these little screen doors. The floor is of mat, not mats strewed about, but a solid structure of delicate stuffed wicker, spotless, immovable, and never profaned by the very daintiest slipper. Chairs are unknown. At meal times you sit upon your food is placed before you.

There is no faith equal to that of the man who advertises for the return of a lost umbrella.

CURES WEAK MEN FREE



Will send to any sufferer of Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, sexual weakness, Lack of Vitality, Impotency, night losses, insomnia, bad whims, melancholia, pimples and eruptions, bad memory, aversion to society, unfitness to marry, a prescription for prompt cure that I discovered in my practice among the Incas of South America. Simple home remedy. Sent in a sealed plain wrapper. Write me to-day. Don't suffer another day. Don't delay. Don't spend a penny for worthless stuff. Don't accept substitutes. Address, inclosing 4 cents postage, PROF. ALBERT LEONARDO, 1031 Leonardo Building, Detroit, Mich.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BOOKS! PHOTOS! TIP TOP! Send stamp for Catalogue. Dr. H. Meyer, C. Consor, G. Consor, Box N, Fort Wayne, Ind.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MAGIC DIP NEEDLE For LOCATING GOLD and other Ore. Gold or Silver. Sent by mail, postpaid, for $1.00. Address, MAGIC DIP NEEDLE CO., Box 1, Cripple Creek, Colo.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

RODS The latest improved; sold under guarantee. Good for locating mines, lost trunks, etc. Send for free booklet. H. W. Cole, Colo.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BARBERS MAKE EASY MONEY! We teach you the business thoroughly; expenses while learning. Barbers make $15.00 to $25.00 per week. Catalogue free. MOLER BARBER COLLEGE, F.C. Bridgford, Prop., 50 Thirty-third Street, Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DON'T HARRY, DOCTOR or despair. Mrs. Allen, of Ohio, will cure slowly what's best by aid of Flashlights on Human Nature, sent free. Health, disease, love, marriage and parentage. Tells secrets of life and how to live. 250 pages. Illustrations. Sent under plain cover, postpaid, entirely to any adult for postage, 10 cents. M. HILL PUB. CO., 130 East 59th Street, New York.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MEN CURED

If you have small, weak organs, lost power or vitality, Varicocele, or Varicose Organ Developer will restore you without drugs. Write for free book. Dr. Van Buren Mfg. Co. is permanently cured of Varicocele and Lost Manhood. Dr. Van Buren Mfg. Co. Dr. Frank. If you don't feel and see the improvement the very first day you use Developer, return it and we refund your money. With the Varicose Developer any man can cure himself at home in half the time and without pain or exposure. Write to-day. Dr. Van Buren Mfg. Co., 544 Barclay Bldg., Denver, Col.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WETO GRAPH The Great Secret Writing System FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS

Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a WETO GRAPH. It is indispensable to every one for correspondence, etc. If you have a WETO Graph you can write to your sweetheart, wife, husband, or correspondence you do not want anyone to be find out. You can write to your lover, and if you do not want anyone to find out, you have only to write a word with a WETO Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the WETO Graph by mail, full full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

STRICTURE CURE

16,249 Cured Last Year.

Week's Trial FREE

Sloan's Painless Stricture Cure is the only one that cures Stricture, Inflammation, prostate and Kent Vitalizer. To prove this will send enough medicine FREE to cure a full week. The test is at our expense. Write today. Will also send our book upon request, and self reproach.

O.A. SKEEN CO 120 BELL BLOCK, CINCINNATI, O.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BLOOD POISON

FOR NINETEEN YEARS
we have made the cure of blood poison a specialty
Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison
Permanently Cured. We solicit the most obstinate cases, after all others have failed. We want to show you that our remedy cures the most obstinate cases. We have cured the worst cases in 15 to 35 days. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash and still have aches and pains, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write for proofs of cures. 100-page book Free.

COOK REMEDY CO.
1703 MASONIC TEMPLE, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A Spray of Heliotrope.

[Continued from page three.]

shall always love you. Tell me the truth. If they hadn't intercepted my letters and made you think me false, you would have cared for me a little?"

I could not for my life say no, but I eluded his outstretched arms.

"I thought you were engaged to Marguerite. I was sure——"

"You thought wrong. Marguerite is a fine woman, and she marries a title this summer. My darling, I have loved no woman but you. Little lonely dove, come to the shelter of my bosom, and may Heaven deal with me as I deal with you."

How the March sunshine glittered, what a thrill of delight the bluebird sang, swinging in the old willows! The whole world seemed to have undergone a sudden transformation, and my heartache was a forgotten thing of the past.

"It was cruel of your aunt to part us, but as I didn't quite lose you, I can afford to forgive her, Belle. I wonder if you are as happy as I am? In May I thought to be fighting the Spaya; instead, I shall be listening to the music of my own marriage bells. No, you shan't put our happiness off a day later than May. Is that heliotrope in that vase? Let me put a spray in your hair. There, you are perfect now. You must wear heliotrope in your bridal gown, Belle; it is my favorite blossom."

City Life Affects Voice.

"Did you ever notice how quietly the countryman will speak, and how harsh in contrast sounds the voice of the city man?" asked a writer in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "If there were no difference in dress, in the color of the skin, no other line to mark off the city folk from the folk of the countryside, we could still distinguish the one from the other by the pitch of the voice. The man from the country will always speak in a low tone, and in the case of the country girl there is a melody about her voice which has proved an inspiration of the poet. Mark the sharp, rasping voice of the city man in contrast. Even the voice of the city woman, while retaining much that is mellow and musical, is yet pitched in a higher key than the voice of her country sister.

"Nor need we travel far to find the reason for this difference. The human voice finds an enemy which is working ceaselessly against it in the activities of the city. Noise is probably the most important factor in bringing about the deterioration of the human voice in the cities. Children, as soon as they begin to form the first words of infancy, begin to pitch the voice in an extraordinarily high key. They begin loud talking and they keep it up throughout life. The quiet of the country, on the other hand, makes no such demand on the voice. The child may speak without pitching the voice in a high key. There are no sharp noises, no clanging car bells, rumbling vehicles and din and whir and rattle to arrest the mellifluous vibrations. He may speak easily and naturally without straining the muscles of the throat beyond the normal limit.

"Here we find the explanation of the striking difference between the voice of the countryman and the man of the city. The 'loud talking' habit is peculiar to the cities and it would be interesting to know what will be, after a while, the normal pitch of the human voice. This thing of constantly running the human voice up the scale in order to reach the ear of the listener will after a while rob the voice of its mellowness and its music; or at any rate that is the view I take of the matter and the view is based on observation. It is really restful to hear the quiet talk of the folk of the countryside after one has grown used to the harsh intonation of the city man's voice, and there is a quiet, soothing eloquence about it all."

The Pessimist.

"I took my little son to the Republican convention," said the optimistic man, "and I am going to take him to the Democratic one, too. I want him to see how the work of a great party is carried on. I tell him he may grow up to be a presidential candidate some day."

"Huh!" growled the pessimistic friend. "Why didn't you warn him that if he isn't careful he'll grow up to have a vice-presidential boom one of these days?"

Literal Translation.

Huggins—What are you doing now?

Muggins—Running a photograph gallery on the West side.

Huggins—Meeting with success?

Muggins—Sure thing. The first day I hung out a sign, "Babies taken free," and the next morning I found seven on my doorstep.

King Edward has knighted James Knowles, editor of the Nineteenth Century Review for the past twenty-five years. The new knight gets kings, queens, statesmen, swamis, princes, soldiers, explorers, and so on, to write for his periodical.

Beautiful Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in construction and general excellence of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. No stamps will be accepted. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once.

In order to get the patterns you want, you must give the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give your name and address, and state whether you want Miss's or Ladies' size. Write plainly, so as to leave either no room for doubt, or no excuse if mistake occurs. Address your letter as follows: Write us, as we have either to do this or you will not know what to send you. Also, do not fail to enclose money. PATTERN DEPT. CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.

9757 FANCY BLOUSE WAIST 32-40 BUST.

4762 GIRLS DRESS WITH GUIMPE 6-12 YRS.

4741 FINE GOLD 1830 CORSET, 22-30 WAIST.

4747 SHIRT WAIST 1830 STYLE, 32-40 BUST.

4746 BUSTER BROWN COAT SUIT, 2-8 YRS.

4749 PLEATED SKIRT, 22-30 WAIST.

4736 WAIST WITH POINTED COLLAR 32-40 BUST.

4748 BATHING COSTUME 32-40 BUST.

4763 GIRLS BLOUSE COSTUME, 6-12 YRS.

4748 GIRLS BLOUSE COSTUME, 6-12 YRS.

4750 NEGLIGEE GORMAN, 32-40 BUST.

4740 FANCY WAIST 32-40 BUST.

4739 WALKING SKIRT, 22-30 WAIST.

4762 BOX COAT 32-40 BUST.

4757 PLAITED BLOUSE ETON, 32-40 BUST.

4761 PLAITED-BOLERO 32-40 BUST.

4742 FANCY YOKE 32-36-40 BUST.

4753 BLOUSE WAIST WITH BOLERO 32-40 BUST.

4756 NINE GORED SKIRT, 22-30 WAIST.

4764 MISSES BLOUSE WAIST, 12-16 YRS.

"They make me feel so good."

cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

ANNUAL SALE—TEN MILLION BOXES

Greatest in the World

A MILLION HAPPY AMERICAN CHILDREN are kept healthy with CASCARETS Candy Cathartic. Good words spoken by their mamas for CASCARETS to other mamas have made CASCARETS successful until the sale now is OVER A MILLION BOXES A MONTH. Why do such folks like CASCARETS? Because they are a sweet, palatable, fragrant little tablet—tasted, do good—never grip nor gripe, but act gently, naturally, positively. Medicine that a child dislikes will not do it much good. Children are always ready to take CASCARETS. THE PERFECT HOME MEDICINE, ask for them and are kept healthy always and safe against the dangers of childhood's ailments. Best for the Bowels. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. Genuine tablet stamped C C C. Sample and booklet free. Address

STERLING REMEDY CO.,
Chicago or New York.

681

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WANTED Strong Young Men For Firemen and Brakemen on all railroads. Firemen average $80 monthly, become Engineers and average $150. Brakemen average $60, become Conductors and average $100. Steady employment. Good wages. Positions procured. Write for particulars. RAILWAY ASSOCIATION, Room 15, 227 Monroe St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

430 Good Stories FREE!

To introduce WOMAN'S WORLD in your home we make a present of a valuable collection of choice reading matter. WOMAN'S WORLD has a circulation of 650,000 copies each issue, and is the best 25c Illustrated magazine now sold at a low price. Send us this coupon with a special rate for a five months' trial subscription, and we will send WOMAN'S WORLD for five months and 430 COMPLETE STORIES FREE—most of these stories are copyrighted—this is a wonderful offer—send for this lot at once—you will be delighted. Send 25 cents and we will send WOMAN'S WORLD five months and also send you by return mail a splendid collection of 430 COMPLETE STORIES FREE—this is a tremendous big offer—fact—but surely please you. This grand collection includes Love Stories, Up-to-Date Stories, Detective Stories, Society Stories, Sea Stories, Ladies' and Hunting Stories; also Railroad Stories and a lot of miscellaneous stories. These stories are all written by well known authors—we can't mention the titles in this ad. because so many of them are—430 stories you know—WRITE TODAY and get WOMAN'S WORLD and a large supply of choice reading matter—much to interest women—satisfaction absolutely guaranteed, or your money back right along. Address

WOMAN'S WORLD FIVE MONTHS ONLY TEN CENTS and SEVENTY COMPLETE STORIES FREE.

WOMAN'S WORLD, DEPT. 86, CHICAGO, ILL.

WOMAN'S WORLD ONE YEAR ONLY 25 CENTS AND 430 COMPLETE STORIES FREE.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BOYS WANTED TO SELL THE BLADE AND LEDGER

We want a boy in every town to act as agent. We start you without asking a cent in advance. Fill out the blank below and we will send you a bundle of BLADES AND LEDGERS by mail, also report blanks, instructions, and certificate of agency. In this way you can earn a nice sum each week. No experience necessary. We send full instructions so you can begin at once. Tear out coupon below and send it in.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Boyce Building, Chicago.

GENTLEMEN: I would like to be your agent. I agree to pay you for all papers I sell, less my commission. I also agree to report every week. Please send me a bundle of papers, report blanks, etc. Yours truly,

Name.....

Street..... Town.....

Date..... State.....

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

UNSATISFIED.

BY ADELAIDE O. WATERS.

There was a little chicken that was shut
up in a shell;
He thought to himself, "I'm sure I cannot
tell
What I am walled in here for—a shocking
coop I find.
Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising
mind."

He went out in the barnyard one lovely
morn in May;
Each hen he found spring-cleaning in the
only proper way.
"This yard is much too narrow—a shocking
coop I find.
Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising
mind."

He crept up to the gateway and slipped
betwixt a crack;
The world stretched wide before him, and
just as widely back.
This world is much too narrow—a shocking
coop I find.
Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising
mind."

"I should like to have ideals. I should like
to tread the stars,
To get the unattainable, and free my soul
from bars;
I should like to leave this dark earth and
some other dwelling find.
More fitted for a chicken with an enterprising
mind."

There's a place where ducks and pleasure
seem so mingled to and fro,
There's one world on the surface and another world below."
The little waves crept nearer, and, on the
brink inclined
They swallowed up the chicken with an
enterprising mind.

How an Ant Goes to Bed.

It is known that ants sleep, so, of course, they must go to bed. If you closely watch them you may see them do it. An ant hill is made of tiny pebbles, which are piled about an entrance hole. At night the ants take these pebbles in their mouths and carrying them to the hole, pile them on upon the other, as men build a wall.

After the hole is filled, except one tiny opening at the top, the last ant crawls in, and with her head pushes sand up against the hole from the inside, thus stopping it entirely. From that moment, during all the night, not an ant will be seen; but about 8 o'clock next morning, if you look closely, you may see a pair of tiny feelers thrust out through the chinks between the stones. Then an ant pushes its way out and begins to carry the pebbles away. Just behind the first comes another, and another, until the whole family nimbly trots out.

But an ant does not sleep through the whole night; she takes a nap two or three hours long. She does not have to undress, but whenever she becomes tired she lies down on the ground, curls her six legs close to her body and goes to sleep as soundly that you could brush her with a feather without awaking her. When she has had her sleep out, she gets up, stretches her legs and yawns. Then she washes carefully all over. After that she is ready for her day's work again, and a busy day she has, too—tending the babies, making new rooms, or getting food for the big family.

Ned's Cute Squirrel.

Ned's uncle brought him alittle gray little gray squirrel one day. It was a tiny thing and so young as to be quite tame. Indeed, it reminded Ned of a kitten, its fur was so soft and it was affectionate and gentle.

Ned built a cage for him with a wheel at one end, and the minute the squirrel entered the cage, it ran into the wheel and had a fine time turning it.

Ned named his pet "Bushy," on account of its beautiful bushy tail.

One day Bushy escaped from his cage. Ned was much distressed; he stood under the tree and called for Bushy, but Bushy, like a spoiled child, would not come down, although Ned could see his bright eyes peering down from one of the highest branches of the tree.

At length the little boy ran into the house and found some nuts, of which Bushy was particularly fond. These he left under the tree where the squirrel could find them. Then Ned went in and hid nearby and waited.

When Bushy thought everything was quiet, he stole down to eat the nuts, and then Ned succeeded in catching him and putting him back in the cage.

But the most interesting thing Bushy did was to turn the wheel, and he dearly liked to do it.

Ned taught him to do it whenever he asked him to. The squirrel got so that even when he was eating a nut he would drop it when Ned "Bushy, spin!" and rush into the wheel, turning it for dear life, and when he thought he had done it, it went so fast.

Sometimes Bushy would do this a dozen times in an afternoon at Ned's request, but the saucy squirrel would mind no one except his little master.

The other children tried to coax, and would also cry, "Bushy, spin!" or "Bushy, eat nuts!" but Bushy would pretend not to hear until Ned would speak to them the little squirrel's hearing immediately improved.

Bushy used to be allowed to roam about the house when all the doors and windows were shut. Then little Gladys about the house seemed to disappear. Ned's mother kept on worrying about articles getting lost, until one day she spied Bushy carrying a skein of silk into his cage.

Ned overhauled the nest after that, and you would have laughed to see what was in it.

There was a piece of embroidery, five skeins of black and yellow silk, a dozen skeins of linen and cotton thread, two handkerchiefs, a towel, scraps of silk, mohair and gingham, a lot of artificial flowers, to say nothing of several pieces of ribbon, a needlebook and a pincushion.

How they laughed when they saw all these things in Bushy's nest; and poor Bushy, he did not enjoy having his nice bed destroyed, because he had to make it all over again out of ordinary cotton, which was not half so nice.

ANOTHER DIFFICULT QUESTION.

" . . . One strange problem hitherto
My contaught has withstood:
What kind of wood would a woodchuck
chuck
If a woodchuck could chuck wood?"
—Punch.

If a gopher went where he was bid,
Though he be wild or tame,
And the thing for which he went was hid
And he knew not its name,
Then what would the gopher do?
That's what I want to know.
O, what would the gopher go for then,
And where would the gopher go?

If the gopher went to whippoorwill,
Would the gopher go for him
If he knew poor Will had a whetted bill
And was in fighting trim?
If Will wouldn't wait for the first attack
But would land a knockout blow,
O, what would the gopher go for then
And where would the gopher go?

Does the gopher go for a single thing?
Would he, if he were sent,
If a hawk, come some day to bring
Us the reason why he went?
Ah, this is the question vexing me,
And this I want to know:
O, what would the gopher go for then
And where would the gopher go?

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

"Johnfie," said the teacher, "can you name the three graces?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Johnny. "Breakfast, dinner and supper."

A lady visitor had occasion to consult her watch, which was very small, and little 5-year-old Mabel, noticing it, exclaimed: "Oh, what a young watch you have!"

One morning 4-year-old Margie had pancakes and syrup for breakfast. After she had eaten the cakes there was some syrup left on her plate, and she said: "Mamma, please give me a spoon; my fork leaks."

Tommy, aged 6, had some difficulty with the children of a neighbor one day. That night after he was in bed his mother asked if he had said his prayers.

"Yes, mamma," he replied.

"And did you pray for the heathen, too?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered slowly, "all but those next door."

BILL'S BIG SNAKE.

"Say, boys," said Bill, "come up the woods.
There's something there to see;
A snake is lying on the hill
As big 'round as a tree."

To see the mighty reptile then,
The boys rushed in a throng,
And there beheld a parlor snake
Not quite eight inches long.

Then, as they jeered, Bill scratched his head
And said, "Well, pardon me;
I should have told you 'twas as big
As a teeny little tree!"

UNNATURAL HISTORY.

The cat said to the heron,
"I don't agree with you."
"I beg your pardon," said the bird,
"But I rather think you do."

The heron then put in his bill,
And though the cat scowled
That he did not care to honor it,
He still went right inside.

Deeds, Not Words.

Father (sternly)—Didn't I tell you if any of the other boys said anything to make you angry you should count twenty before you said anything?

Jack—Yes, sir; but I didn't need to say anything. Before I'd counted twelve the other boy had yelled "Enough."

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

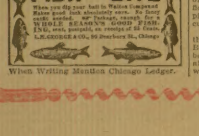
DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MENDING TISSUE

The WONDER of the Age. Mending silk, satin, velvet, dress goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, fur garments, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Invisible. 20 mends. 10 assorted colors, 10 cents. 3 packages, 25 cents. Address Penn Publishing Co., Fairmount, Pa.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.



When you fly your kite in Wales Conjured up by Merlin, Or in Spain Or Portugal, Or Portugee, Or Dutch, Or Swede, or Norwegee, Or Hindoo, Or Russian, Or Turk, Or Greek, Or Jew, Or Gentile, Or Pagan, Or Christian, Or Mohammedan, Or Infidel, Or Heathen, Or Negro, Or Chinee, Or Japanee, Or Fiji Islander, Or Cannibal, Or Esquimaux, Or Kickapoo, Or Digger Indian, Or Hottentot, Or Zulu, Or Boer, Or Englishman, Or Scotchman, Or Irishman, Or Yankee, Or Nigger, Or Man, Or Woman, Or Child, Or Baby, Or Anybody, Anywhere, Anyhow, Anyway, Anyway, Anyway